P[illegible]

REVEREND

EDWARD YOUNG.

612

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classicks quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease?——
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing——but their praise?

SAT. I.

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VOL. II.

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THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VII.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

PART II.

912

Containing the

Nature, Proof, and Importance, of Immortality.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be: yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it, if that opinion, which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our Infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable errour by some doubt of their immortality at the bottom:

and the more I consider this point, the m[illegible] *suaded of the truth of that opinion. Th*[illegible]*st of a futurity is a strange errour, yet* [illegible]*rour into which bad men may naturally be distressed; for it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? there are but two in Nature; but two within the compass of human thought; and these are,——That either God will not or cannot punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes; and since Omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In nonexistence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, nonexistence is their strongest wish: and strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horrour of an immediate and absolute despair.*

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large, and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me,

are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrours of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of Heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them, to consider with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen worthies Socrates ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed; yet this great master of temper was angry, and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? what could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where "he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition that he could be so mean as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact, well considered, would make our Infidels with-

draw their admiration from Socrates, or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory; and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality, which is all I desire, and that for their sakes; for I am persuaded that an unprejudiced Infidel must necessarily receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.

The Contents.

IN the Sixth Night arguments were drawn from Nature in proof of immortality: here others are drawn from man: from his discontent, p. 5; from his passions and powers, p. 7.; from the gradual growth of reason, ibid.; from his fear of death, p. 8.; from the nature of Hope, ibid. and of virtue, p. 9.; from knowledge and love, as being the most essential properties of the soul, p. 13.; from the order of creation, p. 14, &c.; from the nature of ambition, p. 16, &c.; avarice, p. 20.; pleasure, p. 21. A digression on the grandeur of the passions, p. 23. Immortality alone renders our present state intelligible, p. 24. An objection from the Stoicks' disbelief of immortality answered, p. 25. Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our immortality, p. 26, &c. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetick complaint of a worthy man under the persuasion of no futurity, p. 28, &c. The gross absurdities and horrours of annihilation urged home on Lorenzo, p. 34, &c. The soul's vast importance, p. 40, &c.; from whence it arises, p. 43, &c. The difficulty of being an Infidel, p. 45; the infamy, p. 46; the cause, p. 47; and the character, ibid. of an infidel state. What true free-thinking is, p. 49.; the necessary punishment of the false, p. 50. Man's ruin is from himself, p. 51. An infidel accuses himself of guilt and hypocrisy, and that of the worst sort, ibid.; his obligation to Christians, p. 52; what danger he incurs by virtue, ibid.; Vice recommended to him, p. 54.; his high pretences to virtue and benevolence exploded, ibid. The conclusion, on the nature of faith, p. 56.; reason, ibid.; and hope, ibid. with an apology for this attempt, p. 57.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?

Deaths ſtand, like Mercuries, in ev'ry way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy; nor will I take my leave,
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death,
Dives from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe,
The grave his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Thro' various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
Time gives the preface, endleſs age unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.

This earth and ſkies * already have proclaim'd.
The world 's a prophecy of worlds to come,
And who what God foretels (who ſpeaks in things
Still louder than in words) ſhall dare deny?
If Nature's arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in man.
If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he ſees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or Nature there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables: man was made a lie.

Why diſcontent for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!

* Night the Sixth.

Reſolve me why the cottager and king,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
Is it that things terreſtrial cann't content:
Deep in rich paſture will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet ſerene. Man, ill at eaſe
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where Nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething more, when moſt enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from inſtinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By ſenſe, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe,
And diſcontent is immortality.
Shall ſons of Ether, ſhall the blood of Heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable here,
With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no; they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh

On thrones, and thou congratulate the sigh.
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the sceptick in his head the lie.
Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our pow'rs,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies:
Unripen'd these, in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake;
And for this land of trifles those, too strong,
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life.
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our passions Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault but in defect. Bless'd Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy.
Nor are our pow'rs to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reason progressive, instinct is complete:
Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coëval with the sun,

The patriarch pupil would be learning ſtill,
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half-unlearn'd,
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in eaſtern oceans drown'd;
If fit with dim illuſtrious to compare,
The ſun's meridian with the ſoul of man.
To man, why, ſtepdame Nature! ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſterpiece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or if, abortively, poor man muſt die,
Nor reach what reach he might, why die in dread?
Why curs'd with foreſight? wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs preeminent in rank than pain?
His immortality alone can tell,
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt!
His immortality alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of enigmas, human hope,
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager Hope, the aſſaſſin of our joy,
All preſent bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than Deſpair.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to Death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion why more taſteleſs than purſuit?
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why the grave of bliſs?

Becauſe in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And he who made him bent him to the right.
  Man's heart th' Almighty to the future ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings,
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy,
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething new
So rages appetite. If man cann't mount
He will deſcend. He ſtarves on the poſſeſs'd:
Hence the world's maſter, from Ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd, and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd Empire's ſon
Supreme? becauſe he could no higher fly;
His riot was Ambition in deſpair.
  Old Rome conſulted birds: Lorenzo! thou
With more ſucceſs the flight of Hope ſurvey.
Of reſtleſs Hope, for ever on the wing.
High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
  There ſhould it fail us, (it muſt fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And virtue vies with hope in myſtery.
Why virtue? where its praiſe, its being, fled?

Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſu'd:
What true ſelf-intereſt of quite-mortal man!
To cloſe with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 't is our ſov'reign good.
In ſelf-applauſe is virtue's golden prize?
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on thy ſcheme.
Whence ſelf-applauſe? from conſcience of the right;
And what is right but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when virtue yields;
That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak, with rank knight-errantries o'errun.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterpriſe, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—thou romantick fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink.
Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead, what?
(I ſpeak with awe!) tho' he ſhould bid thee bleed,
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is ſpilt?
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow:
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.
Nor is it diſobedience. Know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's ſubſequent command,
His firſt command is this:—"Man, love thyſelf."

In this alone free agents are not free.
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize;
If virtue coſts exiſtence, 't is a crime,
Bold violation of our law ſupreme,
Black ſuicide, tho' nations, which conſult
Their gain at thy expenſe, reſound applauſe.
  Since virtue's recompence is doubtful here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand
Why is man ſuffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers Nature lies on Virtue's part;
Or if blind Inſtinct (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred Conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why Reaſon made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wiſeſt loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by reaſon's beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue ſometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true, or man ſurvives the grave.
  Or man ſurvives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit, cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die:

But if man loſes all when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel, (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for worth whoſe noontide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher ſtyle,
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs,
Dream we that luſtre of the moral world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to know, and warm to praiſe,
And ſtrenuous to tranſcribe, in human life,
The Mind almighty? Could it be that Fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the Deity, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt angels too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelick too,
Extinguiſh'd, and a ſolitary God,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man,
The next loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man miſtakes,
And there, where leaſt his judgment fears a flaw,
Wiſdom and worth how boldly he commends!

Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both
To make us but more wretched. Wisdom's eye
Acute, for what? to spy more miseries;
And worth so recompens'd, new points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue then no joys?"--Yes, joys dear bought.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue 's a combat; and who fights for nought,
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
Would take degrees angelick here below,
And virtue, while they compliment, betray
By feeble motives and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires:
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treach'ries and the world's assaults.
On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies!
Truth incontestable! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a V——e believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.

Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
Suſtaining all, what find we? knowledge, love.
As light and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul: and why, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely here? how little known?
Small knowledge we dig up with endleſs toil,
And love unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our angel-appetites,
While brutal are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,
Rank inſult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? and ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made!
The worſt to wallow, and the beſt to weep;
The man who merits moſt muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in Heav'n
What the worſt perpetrate or beſt endure?
This cannot be. To love and know, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs pow'r;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n ſuits in all,
Nor, Nature through, e'er violates this ſweet
Eternal concord on her tuneful ſtring.
Is man the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,

(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of Heav'n,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aſpect, and deforms
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
If ſuch is man's allotment, what is heav'n?
Or own the ſoul immortal, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, Mock-majeſty! go, Man!
And bow to thy ſuperiours of the ſtall,
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ſenſe ſuperiour far:
They graze the turf untill'd, they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs,
Mankind's peculiar! Reaſon's precious dower!
No foreign clime they ranſack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden where no curſes hang:
Their ill no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe, unſtretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worſt comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins and ends their wo: they die but once;
Bleſs'd, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher or hero, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes,

No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O ſole and ſweet ſolution! that unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on Nature's beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright order; caſts the brute beneath,
And reinthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n here. Admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: hope exults,
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.
  Still unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn heart?—for there
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; will alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, Pleaſure, and the Love of gain!
Canſt thou ſuſpect that theſe, which make the ſoul
The ſlave of earth, ſhould own her heir of heav'n?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us diſbelieve
Our immortality ſhould prove it ſure?
  Firſt, then, Ambition ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's ſhame, extravagance, diſguſt,

And inextinguiſhable nature, ſpeak:
Each much depoſes; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Tho' for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? becauſe immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow,
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim
Which ſtoops to court a character from man,
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, ſit
Far more than man, with endleſs praiſe and blame.
Ambition's boundleſs appetite outſpeaks
The verdict of its ſhame. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe: the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late Time muſt echo, worlds unborn reſound.
We wiſh our names eternally to live;
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter,
But our blind reaſon ſees not where it lies,
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow: ſoon as caught

Contemn'd, it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 't is ambition's cure.
" And is this all ?" cry'd Cæſar, at his height,
Diſguſted. This third proof Ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At ſuch ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can Ambition a fourth proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome reputed wiſe.
Tho' diſappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' ſucceſs diſguſts, yet ſtill, Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts,
By Nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſo[und;]
Sooner that hero's ſword the world had quell'd,
Than reaſon his ambition. Man muſt ſoar;
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring will toſs him up
In ſpite of Fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too.
No ſultan prouder than his fetter'd ſlave.

Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? becauſe immortal as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of Heav'n.
  Nor abſolutely vain is human praiſe,
When human is ſupported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himſelf;
Pleaſure and Pride (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts.
As love of pleaſure is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race,
The love of praiſe is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praiſe, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? from that the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of civil life,
Want and convenience, underworkers, lay
The baſis on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O Virtue! leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret-ſtimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirſt of applauſe is Virtue's ſecond guard,

Reafon her firft; but reafon wants an aid;
Our private reafon is a flatterer;
Thirft of applaufe calls publick judgment in
To poife our own, to keep an even fcale,
And give endanger'd Virtue fairer play.
Here a fifth proof arifes, ftronger ftill.
Why this fo nice conftruction of our hearts?
Thefe delicate moralities of fenfe,
This conftitutional referve of aid
To fuccour Virtue when our reafon fails,
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And oft' the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of difciplines and pains unpaid) muft die?
Why freighted rich to dafh againft a rock?
Were man to perifh when moft fit to live,
O how mifpent were all thefe ftratagems,
By fkill divine inwoven in our frame?
Where are Heav'n's holinefs and mercy fled?
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at virtue and at man?
If not, why that difcourag'd, this deftroy'd?
Thus far Ambition: what fays Avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine:
" The wife and wealthy are the fame."—I grant it,
To ftore up treafure, with inceffant toil,
This is man's province, this his higheft praife:
To this great end keen Inftinct ftings him on:
To guide that inftinct, Reafon! is thy charge;

'Tis thine to tell us where true treaſure lies;
But Reaſon, failing to diſcharge her truſt,
Or to the deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind Induſtry,
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſtranger to the courſe,
(The courſe where ſtakes of more than gold are won)
O'erloading with the cares of diſtant age
The jaded ſpirits of the preſent hour,
Provides for an eternity below.
"Thou ſhalt not covet," is a wiſe command,
But bounded to the wealth the ſun ſurveys.
Look farther, the command ſtands quite revers'd,
And av'rice is a virtue moſt divine.
Is faith a refuge for our happineſs?
Moſt ſure; and is it not for reaſon too?
Nothing this world unriddles but the next.
Whence inextinguiſhable thirſt of gain?
From inextinguiſhable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the ſkies,
Had wanted wing to fly ſo far in guilt.
Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice;
Yet ſtill their root is immortality:
Theſe its wild growths, ſo bitter and ſo baſe,
(Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them ſparkle in the bowl of bliſs.
See, the third witneſs laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſely promiſes an Eden here:

Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lie,
A common cheat, and Pleaſure is her name.
To Pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now firſt thy real friend.
Since Nature made us not more fond than proud
Of happineſs, (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant ſenſe affords
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heav'n-born bluſhes tell us man deſcends,
Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliſs:
Should reaſon take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt inſtinct ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our glory covers us with noble ſhame,
And he that's unconfounded is unmann'd.
The man that bluſhes is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory as of joy;
Pleaſure which neither bluſhes nor expires.
The witneſſes are heard, the cauſe is o'er;
Let Conſcience file the ſentence in her court:
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey,
Thus ſeal'd by Truth th' authentick record runs.
" Know all; know Infidels,—unapt to know!
" 'Tis immortality your nature ſolves;
" 'Tis immortality deciphers man,

"And opens all the myſt'ries of his make:
"Without it half his inſtincts are a riddle;
"Without it all his virtues are a dream:
"His very crimes atteſt his dignity;
"His ſateleſs thirſt of pleaſure, gold, and fame,
"Declares him born for bleſſings infinite.
"What leſs than infinite makes unabſurd
"Paſſions, which all on earth but more inflames?
"Fierce paſſions, ſo miſmeaſur'd to this ſcene,
"Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings beyond our neſt,
"Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
"For earth too large, preſage a nobler flight,
"And evidence our title to the ſkies."
Ye gentle Theologues of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their miſtreſs, not their mother. All
(And juſtly) reaſon deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the paſſions too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire:
In paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong
Ere Adam fell, tho' wiſer in their aim.
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
What tho' our paſſions are run mad, and ſtoop,
With low terreſtrial appetite, to graze

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But these (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)
When reason moderates the rein aright,
Shall reascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious, ere seduc'd,
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.
 But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
To disappoint one providential end
For which Heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts.
Were Reason silent, boundless Passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all,
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all, and all is great;
A crystalline transparency prevails,
And strikes full lustre thro' the human sphere:
Consider man as mortal, all is dark
And wretched; Reason weeps at the servey.
 The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep;
"Weak modern Reason: ancient times were wise,
"Authority, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian Porch
"(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)

"Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm they prov'd it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantick wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high ſeaſon'd Sires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
"Fleſh ſhall not feel, or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
"The dagger or the rack; to them alike
"A bed of roſes or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine this! as doctrine it was ſtrange,
But not as prophecy; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs Chriſtians need not feign.
The Chriſtian truly triumph'd in the flame;
The Stoick ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? thoſe tow'ring thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—From inſtinct and from pride.
The glorious inſtinct of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In Luſt's dominion, and in Paſſion's ſtorm,

Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,
Pleas'd Pride proclaim'd what Reaſon diſbeliev'd.
Pride, like the delphick prieſteſs, with a ſwell
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be future ſenſe,
When life immortal, in full day, ſhould ſhine,
And Death's dark ſhadows fly the Goſpel ſun.
They ſpoke what nothing but immortal ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd prov'd.
Can then abſurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal? All things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call, and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſs'd,
All unreſolvable, if earth is all.
"Why life a moment, infinite deſire?
"Our wiſh eternity, our home the grave?
"Heav'n's promiſe dormant lies in human hope;
"Who wiſhes life immortal proves it too.
"Why happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
"Man's thirſt of happineſs declares it is,
"(For Nature never gravitates to nought)
"That thirſt unquench'd declares it is not here.
"My Lucia, thy Clariſſa, call to thought;
"Why cordial friendſhip riveted ſo deep,
"As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting rend,
"If friend and friendſhip vaniſh in an hour?
"Is not this torment in the maſk of joy?

" Why by reflection marr'd the joys of ſenſe?
" Why paſt and future preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our preſent joys to death?
" Why labours reaſon? inſtinct were as well;
" Inſtinct far better: what can chuſe can err.
" O how infallible the thoughtleſs brute!
" 'Twere well his Holineſs were half as ſure.
" Reaſon with inclination why at war?
" Why ſenſe of guilt? why conſcience up in arms?"
Conſcience of guilt is prophecy of pain,
And boſom counſel to decline the blow.
Reaſon with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—theſe, and a thouſand pleas uncall'd,
All promiſe, ſome enſure a ſecond ſcene,
Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things elſe moſt certain; were it falſe,
What truth on earth ſo precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will enſue;
This world it gives in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the preſent is the ſoul.
How this life groans when ſever'd from the next?
Poor mutilated wretch that diſbelieves!
By dark diſtruſt his being cut in two,
In both parts periſhes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!
Couldſt thou perſuade me the next life could fail
Our ardent wiſhes, how ſhould I pour out

My bleeding heart in anguiſh, new as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts thy hope, and my deſpair,
Abhorr'd Annihilation! blaſts the ſoul,
And wide extends the bounds of human wo!
Could I believe Lorenzo's ſyſtem true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.
"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, erewhile.
"The future vaniſh'd! and the preſent pain'd!
"Strange import of unprecedented ill!
"Fall how profound! like Lucifer's the fall!
"Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
"From where fond Hope built her pavilion high,
"The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
"To-night! to nothing! darker ſtill than night.
"If 'twas a dream, why wake me my worſt foe,
"Lorenzo! boaſtful of the name of friend!
"O for deluſion! O for errour ſtill!
"Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
"A thinking being in a world like this,
"Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite,
"More curs'd than at the fall!—The ſun goes out!
"The thorns ſhoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
"Why ſenſe of better! it imbitters worſe.
"Why ſenſe? why life? if but to ſigh, then ſink
"To what I was! twice nothing! and much wo!
"Wo from Heav'n's bounties! wo from what was
"To flatter moſt, high intellectual pow'rs. [wont
"Thought, virtue, knowledge! bleſſings, by thy ſcheme
"All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, knowledge, once

" My ſoul's ambition, now her greateſt dread.
" To know myſelf true wiſdom ?— No; to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience, parent of Deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror ; if I ſee I die.
" Know my Creator ? climb his bleſs'd abode
" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the vail,
" Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
" Obtruding life, withholding happineſs!
" From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
" Ye ſable Clouds ! ye darkeſt Shades of night!
" Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort, ſource and ſoul of joy!
" Now leagu'd with furies, and with thee*, againſt me.
" Know his achievements ? ſtudy his renown ?
" Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
" Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
" For what ? 'mid miracles of nobler name
" To find one miracle of miſery ?
" To find the being which alone can know,
" And praiſe his works a blemiſh on his praiſe!
" Thro' Nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll,
" And ſtart at man, the ſingle mourner there,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and [death?

* Lorenzo.

"Knowing is ſuff'ring: and ſhall Virtue ſhare
"The ſigh of Knowledge?—Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
"By ſtraining up the ſteep of excellent,
"By battles fought, and from temptation won,
"What gains ſhe but the pang of ſeeing worth,
"Angelick worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
"With ev'ry vice, and ſwept to brutal duſt?
"Merit is madneſs, virtue is a crime,
"A crime to reaſon, if it coſts us pain
"Unpaid: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
"To think the moſt abandon'd, after days
"Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
"As ſoft a pillow, nor make fouler clay!
"Duty, religion,—theſe, our duty done,
"Imply reward. Religion is miſtake.
"Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
"Ye Cheats! away: ye daughters of my pride,
"Who feign yourſelves the fav'rites of the ſkies,
"Ye tow'ring Hopes! abortive energies!
"That toſs and ſtruggle in my lying breaſt,
"To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,
"As I were heir of an eternity.
"Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
"Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
"As bounded as my being be my wiſh.
"All is inverted, wiſdom is a fool.
"Senſe! take the reign; blind Paſſion! drive us on;
"And, Ignorance! befriend us on our way;

“ Ye new, but trueſt patrons of our peace!
“ Yes; give the pulſe full empire; live the brute,
“ Since as the brute we die: the ſum of man,
“ Of godlike man! to revel and to rot.
“ But not on equal terms with other brutes;
“ Their revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
“ And ſafer too; they never poiſons chuſe.
“ Inſtinct than reaſon makes more wholeſome meals,
“ And ſends all-marring Murmur far away.
“ For ſenſual life they beſt philoſophize,
“ Theirs that ſerene the ſages ſought in vain:
“ 'Tis man alone expoſtulates with Heav'n;
“ His all the pow'r, and all the cauſe to mourn.
“ Shall human eyes alone diſſolve in tears?
“ And bleed in anguiſh none but human hearts?
“ The wide-ſtretch'd realm of intellectual wo,
“ Surpaſſing ſenſual far, is all our own.
“ In life ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
“ Caſt in one lot, confounded, lump'd in death?
“ Ere yet in being was mankind in guilt?
“ Why thunder'd this peculiar clauſe againſt us,
“ All-mortal, and all-wretched!—Have the ſkies
“ Reaſons of ſtate their ſubjects may not ſcan,
“ Nor humbly reaſon when they ſorely ſigh?
“ All-mortal and all-wretched!—'Tis too much,
“ Unparallell'd in Nature: 'tis too much,
“ On being unrequeſted at thy hands,
“ Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but pow'r.

"And why ſee that? why thought! To toil and eat,
"Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
"What ſuperfluities are reas'ning ſouls!
"Oh give eternity, or thought deſtroy.
"But without thought our curſe were half unfelt;
"Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart,
"And therefore 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, Reaſon!
"For aiding life's too ſmall calamities,
"And giving being to the dread of death.
"Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
"For me to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
"Too much for Heav'n to make one emmet more?
"Too much for Chaos to permit my maſs
"A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
"Unfaſhion'd, untormented into man?
"Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
"Wretched capacity of frenſy, thought!
"Wretched capacity of dying, life!
"Life, thought, worth, wiſdom, all (O foul revolt!)
"Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
"Death then has chang'd its nature too. O Death!
"Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of Heav'n!
"Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
"Why in this throny wilderneſs ſo long,
"Since there's no promis'd land's ambroſial bow'r
"To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
"If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of Heav'n

"To ſting us ſore, why mock'd our miſery?
"Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
"Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
"Why ſo magnificently lodg'd Deſpair?
"At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll
"Theſe glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
"Their length of labours and of pains, nor loſe
"Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flow'rs
"And fruits, promiſcuous, ever teeming earth,
"That man may languiſh in luxurious ſcenes,
"And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
"Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
"For ſuch delights! bleſs'd Animals! too wiſe
"To wonder, and too happy to complain!
"Our doom decreed demands a mournful ſcene:
"Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
"Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den
"For man to howl in? why not his abode
"Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
"A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expenſe
"Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders
"As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,
"Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire,
"If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
"While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
"The poor worm calls us for her inmates there,
"And round us Death's inexorable hand
"Draws the dark curtain cloſe, undrawn no more.

"Undrawn no more!--Behind the cloud of death,
"Once, I beheld a ſun, a ſun which gilt
"That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold.
"How the grave's alter'd! fathomleſs as hell!
"A real hell to thoſe who dream'd of heav'n,
"Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
"Next moment I may drop from thought, from ſenſe,
"The privilege of angels and of worms,
"An outcaſt from exiſtence! and this ſpirit,
"This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
"This particle of energy divine,
"Which travels Nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
"And viſits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
"For ever is extinguiſh'd. Horrour! death!
"Death of that death I fearleſs once ſurvey'd!—
"When horrour univerſal ſhall deſcend,
"And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
"On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
"How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!"
'Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
'Deep in the rubbiſh of the gen'ral wreck,
'Swept ignominious to the common maſs
'Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
'Here lie proud rationals; the ſons of Heav'n!
'The lords of earth! the property of worms!
'Beings of yeſterday, and not to-morrow!
'Who liv'd in terrour, and in pangs expir'd!
'All gone to rot in chaos, or to make

'Their happy tranſit into blocks or brutes,
'Nor longer ſully their Creator's name.'
Lorenzo ! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory ? If ſuch is man,
Mankind's hiſtorian, tho' divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo ſmile !—I know thee proud;
For once let pride befriend thee; Pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art thou then a ſhadow ? leſs than ſhade ?
A nothing ? leſs than nothing ? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious ? why then make the worm
Thine equal ? Runs thy taſte of pleaſure high ?
Why patronize ſure death of ev'ry joy ?
Charm riches ! why chuſe begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt ! and for ever ?
Ambition, Pleaſure, Avarice, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They lately prov'd *, thy ſoul's ſupreme deſire.
What art thou made of ? rather, how unmade ?
Great Nature's maſter appetite deſtroy'd,
Is endleſs life and happineſs deſpis'd :
Or both wiſh'd here, where neither can be found;
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with heav'n !
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt ? and is there nought on earth
But a long train of tranſitory forms,

* In the Sixth Night.

Riſing and breaking millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtick deity blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee.
Oh! ſpare this waſte of being half-divine,
And vindicate th' economy of Heav'n.
  Heav'n is all love, all joy in giving joy;
It never had created but to bleſs;
And ſhall it then ſtrike off the liſt of life
A being bleſs'd, or worthy ſo to be?
Heav'n ſtarts at an annihilating God.
  Is that all Nature ſtarts at thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf all clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—the dying groan
Of Nature, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.
What deadly poiſon has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd, no ſhock ſo great.
Nature's firſt wiſh is endleſs happineſs;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horrour lies enclos'd!
For nonexiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But firſt he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.
  If ſo, what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? the darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour

deſperation, by what fury's aid,
vhat infer al poſture of the ſoul,
hell invited, and all hell in joy
ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
thy foul fancy whelp ſo black a ſcheme
iopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
deities begun, reduc'd to duſt?
here's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal flux
eeble eſſences, tumultuous driv'n
' time's rough billows into night's abyſs.
in this rapid tide of human ruin,
re no rock on which man's toſſing thought
reſt from terrour, dare his fate ſurvey,
boldly think it ſomething to be born?
d ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
ere no central, all-ſuſtaining baſe,
realizing, all-connecting pow'r,
ch, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
force Deſtruction to refund her ſpoil?
mand the grave reſtore her taken prey?
leath's dark vale its human harveſt yield?
earth and ocean pay their debt of man,
to the grand depoſit truſted there?
re no potentate, whoſe outſtretch'd arm,
n rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
'd from foul Devaſtation's famiſh'd maw,
preſent, paſt, and future, to his throne?
hrone how glorious! thus divinely grac'd

By germinating beings cluſt'ring round!
A garland worthy the Divinity!
A throne by Heav'n's omnipotence in ſmiles,
Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliſs!

An all-prolifick, all-preſerving God!
This were a God indeed.—And ſuch is man,
As here preſum'd; he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes, is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the trumpet's call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round heav'n's throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this outlet to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd hope expire!

How bright my proſpect ſhines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth but the ſhambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being loſt. Lorenzo! can it be?

This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial but our miſery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs.
So ſoon to periſh and revive no more?
The greater ſuch a joy, the more it pains.
A world ſo far from great (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there 's nothing real in it;
Being a ſhadow; conſciouſneſs a dream:
A dream how dreadful! univerſal blank
Before it and behind! poor man a ſpark
From nonexiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding night,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!
  Lorenzo! doſt thou feel theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd indict him of a world like this?
If ſuch the world creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cauſe of miſery?
Retract, Blaſphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endleſs arguments above, below,
Without us, and within, the ſhort reſult—
"If man's immortal, there's a God in heav'n."
  But wherefore ſuch redundancy? ſuch waſte
Of argument? one ſets my ſoul at reſt;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.

So juſt the ſkies, Philander's life ſo pain'd,
His heart ſo pure, that or ſucceeding ſcenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"What an old tale is this!" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy ſoul, and fable
As fleeting as thy joys. Be wiſe, nor make
Heav'n's higheſt bleſſing vengeance. O be wiſe!
Nor make a curſe of immortality.
Say, know'ſt thou what it is, or what thou art?
Know'ſt thou th' importance of a ſoul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thouſand add; add twice ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the whole; one ſoul outweighs them all,
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.
For this believe not me; no man believe;
Truſt not in words, but deeds; and deeds no leſs
Than thoſe of the Supreme, nor his a few:
Conſult them all; conſulted, all proclaim
Thy ſoul's importance. Tremble at thyſelf,
For whom Omnipotence has wak'd ſo long;
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of Nature to this unbelieving hour.
In this ſmall province of his vaſt domain

(All Nature bow while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for this ſole end,
To reſcue ſouls from death? The ſoul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the ſkies.
The ſoul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine cauſe of ev'ry deed divine:
That is the chain of ages which maintains
Their obvious correſpondence, and unites
Moſt diſtant periods in one bleſs'd deſign:
That is the mighty hinge on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world;
The former two but ſervants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their maſs new-caſt, forgot their deeds renown'd,
And angels aſk, "Where once they ſhone ſo fair?"
To lift us from this abject to ſublime;
This flux to permanent; this dark to-day;
This foul to pure; this turbid to ſerene;
This mean to mighty!—for this glorious end
Th' Almighty, riſing, his long ſabbath broke!
The world was made, was ruin'd, was reſtor'd;
Laws from the ſkies were publiſh'd, were repeal'd;
On earth kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd ſages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Thro' diſtant age; ſaints travell'd, martyrs bled;

By wonders ſacred Nature ſtood controll'd;
The living were tranſlated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;
And, oh! for this deſcended lower ſtill;
Guilt was hell's gloom; aſtoniſh'd at his gueſt,
For one ſhort moment Lucifer ador'd.
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do leſs?—For this
That hallow'd page, fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe truths thrice-venerable code!
Deiſts! perform your quarantine, and then
Fall proſtrate ere you touch it, leſt you die.
  Nor leſs intenſely bent infernal pow'rs
To mar, than thoſe of light this end to gain.
O what a ſcene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Riſe to the thought; exert, expand thy ſoul
To take the vaſt idea; it denies
All elſe the name of great. Two warring worlds,
Not Europe againſt Afric; warring worlds!
Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of ſtrife!
This ſublunary ball.—But ſtrife, for what?
In their own cauſe conflicting? no; in thine,
In man's. His ſingle int'reſt blows the flame;
His the ſole ſtake; his fate the trumpet ſounds
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous ſwarms of deities in arms!
Force force oppoſing, till the waves run high,

And tempeſt-Nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable are good and ill;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between [them.
Think not this fiction "There was war in heav'n."
From heav'n's high cryſtal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's outſtretch'd arm took down his bow,
And ſhot his indignation at the deep:
Rethunder'd Hell, and darted all her fires.—
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers man, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?
He ſleeps —And art thou ſhock'd at myſteries?
The greateſt thou. How dreadful to reflect
What ardour, care, and counſel, mortals cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!
Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view ſupports
My former argument! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Immortal life's full demonſtration here!
Why this exertion? why this ſtrange regard
From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe in man the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſs'd for ever.
Duration gives importance, ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? a trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand or fall, no matter which, he 's gone.
Becauſe immortal, therefore is indulg'd

This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence Heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes;
Hence the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight;
Hence ev'ry ſoul has partizans above,
And ev'ry thought a critick in the ſkies:
Hence clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a paſſion for his charge;
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
  Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe
He ſpoke his will, and trembling Nature heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder, and in ſtorm:
Witneſs thou, Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God:
Witneſs, ye Billows! whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt and her menaces to hell:
Witneſs, ye Flames! th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold rage, as impotent as ſtrong:
And thou, Earth! witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er Preſumption's ſacrilegious ſons *;
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The ſoul's high price, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, ſtrove

* Korah, &c.

Toſtrike this truth thro' adamantine man;
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; Nature is wrapt up
In tenfold night, from Reaſon's keeneſt eye:
There's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heav'n
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize:
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And ſhall each toy be ſtill a match for heav'n,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thouſand worlds to cure?
 Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee)
All Nature and her God (by Nature's courſe,
And Nature's courſe controll'd) declare for me.
The ſkies above proclaim "immortal man!"
And "man immortal!" all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
If honeſt, learn'd; and ſages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative, or to renounce
Thy reaſon and thy ſenſe, or to believe?
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit,
A ſtrenuous enterpriſe: to gain it man
Muſt burſt thro' ev'ry bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;

And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize repentance; infamy his crown.
But wherefore infamy?—for want of faith
Down the ſteep precipice of wrong he ſlides;
There 's nothing to ſupport him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting is, at leaſt
In embryo, ev'ry weakneſs, ev'ry guilt,
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme,
And his ſupreme, his only good, is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect wiſdom while mankind are fools,
And think a turf or tombſtone covers all:
Theſe find employment, and provide for ſenſe
A richer paſture and a larger range;
And ſenſe, by right divine, aſcends the throne,
When virtue's prize and proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n.
Would Heav'n quite beggar Virtue if belov'd?
"Has Virtue charms?"—I grant her heav'nly
But if unportion'd, all will Int'reſt wed,
Tho' that our admiration, this our choice.
The virtues grow on immortality;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believ'd will nought avail;
Rewards and puniſhments make God ador'd,

And hopes and fears give Conſcience all her pow'r.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himſelf alone,
Nor care tho' mankind periſh if he ſmiles.
Who thinks ere long the man ſhall wholly die,
Is dead already; nought but brute ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For more than death; for utter loſs of being,
Being, the baſis of the Deity!
Aſk you the cauſe?—the cauſe they will not tell;
Nor need they. Oh the ſorceries of ſenſe!
They work this transformation on the ſoul,
Diſmount her like the ſerpent at the fall,
Diſmount her from her native wing (which ſoar'd
Erewhile ethereal heights) and throw her down
To lick the duſt, and crawl in ſuch a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reaſon and of hope!
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt-bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More ſenſeleſs than th' irrationals you ſcorn!
More baſe than thoſe you rule! than thoſe you pity,

Far more undone! O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperiour dignity!
Deepeſt in wo from means of boundleſs bliſs!
Ye curs'd by bleſſings infinite! becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motley maſs of contradiction ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd your ſouls fly off
In exhalation ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence againſt you?
In the coarſe drudgeries and ſinks of ſenſe,
Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of Heav'n,
By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own:
But tho' you can deform, you cann't deſtroy;
To curſe, not uncreate, is all your pow'r.
  Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremond, and read St. Paul.
Ere rapt by miracle, by reaſon wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n.
This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight thro' the whole ſphere of man;
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour;
In each receſs of ſpace and time at home,
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundleſs int'reſts there,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote;
To look on truth unbroken and entire;

Truth in the ſyſtem, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction: here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm: who moſt examine, moſt believe.
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the ſenſe, and God is underſtood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race:
Read his whole volume, Sceptick! then reply.
  This, this is thinking free, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms to yon' boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon' boundleſs orbs to godlike man?
Thoſe num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heav'n, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for new creations there.
Can ſuch a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is ſuch a point;
And of that point how ſmall a part enſlaves!
  How ſmall a part—of nothing, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—Friends our chief treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander, gone!
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd

A triple mouth, and in an awful voice
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this tranſportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt ocean lies before thee;
There, there, Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
Give thy mind ſea room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of ſouls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy Great Poleſtar; make the land of Life.
Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death; the laſt far more ſevere.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the ſun,
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams:
Life rational ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams who made the day:
When we leave that ſun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt)
'Tis utter darkneſs; ſtrictly double death.
We ſink by no judicial ſtroke of Heav'n,
But Nature's courſe, as ſure as plumbets fall.
Since God or man muſt alter ere they meet,
(Since light and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere)
'Tis manifeſt, Lorenzo! who muſt change.
If then that double death ſhould prove thy lot,

Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man ſhall be bleſs'd as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals Heav'n arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous pow'r,
To counteract its own moſt gracious ends,
And this of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice;
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
But paſſive engines, void of praiſe or blame.
A nature rational implies the pow'r
Of being bleſs'd or wretched as we pleaſe,
Elſe idle Reaſon would have nought to do,
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heav'n wills our happineſs, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not compels:
Heav'n but perſuades, almighty man decrees.
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he muſt, who learns from death alone
The dreadful ſecret,—that he lives for ever.
  Why this to thee?—thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of ſecond life? but wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is Nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh we ſoon believe:
Thy tardy faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—ſhall I tell thee what?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
And when unwiſh'd, we ſtrive to diſbelieve.

"Thus infidelity our guilt betrays."
Nor that the ſole detection! Bluſh, Lorenzo!
Bluſh for hypocriſy, if not for guile.
The future fear'd?—An infidel, and fear?
Fear what? a dream? a fable?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore ſtrong,
Affords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport?
How diſbelief affirms what it denies!
"It, unawares, aſſerts immortal life."—
Surpriſing! infidelity turns out
A creed and a confeſſion of our ſins.
Apoſtates thus are orthodox divines.
 Lorenzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more,
Nor longer a tranſparent vizor wear.
Think'ſt thou Religion only has her maſk?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worſt, and, at the bottom, fail.
When viſited by thought (thought will intrude)
Like him they ſerve, they tremble, and believe.
Is there hypocriſy ſo foul as this?
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What deteſtation, what contempt, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That Chriſtian candour they ſtrive hard to ſcorn.
If not for that aſylum, they might find
A hell on earth, nor 'ſcape a worſe below.
 With inſolence and impotence of thought,
Inſtead of racking fancy to refute,
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire reſult?
Can thy proud reaſon brook ſo black a brand?
From purer manners to ſublimer faith,
Is Nature's unavoidable aſcent.
An honeſt Deiſt, where the Goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the Chriſtian ends.
When that bleſs'd change arrives, e'en caſt aſide
This ſong ſuperfluous: life immortal ſtrikes
Conviction in a flood of light divine.
A Chriſtian dwells, like Uriel *, in the ſun;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight,
And ardent hope anticipates the ſkies.
Of that bright ſun, Lorenzo! ſcale the ſphere:
'Tis eaſy; it invites thee; it deſcends
From heav'n to woo and waft thee whence it came.
Read and revere the ſacred page, a page
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce;
Which not the conflagration ſhall deſtroy:
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In Nature's ruins not one letter loſt.
In proud diſdain of what e'en gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels and men aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
Parts puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame:

* Milton.

Pert Infidelity is Wit's cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
By loſs of being dreadfully ſecure,
Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If this is all, if earth a final ſcene,
Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a knave;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right.
Shouldſt thou be good—how infinite thy loſs!
Guilt only makes annihilation gain.
Bleſs'd ſcheme! which life deprives of comfort, death
Of hope, and which vice only recommends.
If ſo, where, Infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? where your lofty boaſt
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?
Annihilation! I confeſs in theſe.

What can reclaim you? dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the converts of a ſong?
Yet know its title * flatters you, not me;
Your's be the praiſe to make my title good;
Mine to bleſs Heav'n, and triumph in your praiſe.
But ſince ſo peſtilential your diſeaſe,
Tho' ſov'reign is the med'cine I preſcribe,
As yet I'll neither triumph nor deſpair,
But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake
Your hearts, and teach your wiſdom—to be wiſe:
For why ſhould ſouls immortal, made for bliſs,
E'er wiſh (and wiſh in vain!) that ſouls could die?

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live, and crown
The wiſh, and aim, and labour, of the ſkies;
Increaſe, and enter on the joys of heav'n:
Thus ſhall my title paſs a ſacred ſeal,
Receive an imprimatur from above,
While angels ſhout—— An Infidel Reclaim'd!
  To cloſe, Lorenzo! Spite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange that thou ſhouldſt live for ever?
Is it leſs ſtrange that thou ſhouldſt live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more.
Who gave beginning can exclude an end.
Deny thou art, then doubt if thou ſhalt be.
A miracle with miracles encloſ'd
Is man! and ſtarts his faith at what is ſtrange!
What leſs than wonders from the wonderful?
What leſs than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God——that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncauſ'd! all other wonders ceaſe:
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him——all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! each darker far
Than that thy wiſdom would unwiſely ſhun.
If weak thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
We nothing know but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous we cann't believe,
So weak our reaſon, and ſo great our God,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the ſacred page,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, muſt be true.
Faith is not reaſon's labour, but repoſe.

To faith and virtue why ſo backward, man?
From hence;—the preſent ſtrongly ſtrikes us all,
The future faintly: can we then be men?
If men, Lorenzo! the reverſe is right.
Reaſon is man's peculiar; ſenſe the brute's.
The preſent is the ſcanty realm of Senſe;
The future Reaſon's empire unconfin'd;
On that expending all her godlike pow'r,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs there;
There builds her bleſſings! there expects her praiſe;
And nothing aſks of Fortune or of men.
And what is Reaſon? be ſhe thus defin'd;
Reaſon is upright ſtature in the ſoul.
Oh! be a man,—and ſtrive to be a god.
"For what? (thou ſay'ſt) to damp the joys of life?"
No; to give heart and ſubſtance to thy joys.
That tyrant, Hope, mark how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit realities for dreams,
Safety and peace for hazard and alarm.
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
She bids Ambition quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it ſits
Tho' bearing crowns, to ſpring at diſtant game,
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little ſtay,
Can ſweeten toils and dangers into joys,
What then that hope which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? rich hope of boundless bliss!
Bliss past man's pow'r to paint it, time's to close!
  This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes.
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below!
  A bless'd hereafter, then, or hop'd or gain'd,
Is all,—our whole of happiness: full proof
I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.
And know, ye Foes to song! (well-meaning men,
Tho' quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please:
Grave minds you praise, nor can you praise too much.
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen,—and be graver still.

* The poetical parts of it.

End of Night Seventh.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

OR, THE

MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are conſidered

THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE, WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

AND has all Nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd Heav'n and Earth to plead againſt thee!
And is thy ſoul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal bleſs'd.
Unbleſs'd immortals!—what can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects the world;
There ſtows his treaſure; thence his title draws,
Man of the world! (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Chriſtian,—in an age
When men were men, and not aſham'd of Heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I rebaptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong.
To thee the world how fair! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay Pleaſure ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! be theſe my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy wit or wiſdom be forgot.
  Common the theme, not ſo the ſong, if ſhe
My ſong invokes, Urania! deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes where theſe ſparks of night, theſe ſtars, ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, as they are,
The bleſs'd behold) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious object there.
  Lorenzo! ſince eternal is at hand,
To ſwallow time's ambitions, as the vaſt
Leviathan the bubbles vain that ride
High on the foaming billow, what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our higheſt? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms where a ſpirit burns,

Bound for eternity! in boſoms read
By him, who foibles in archangels ſees!
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's regiſter enrolls,
The riſe and progreſs of each option there;
Sacred to Doomſday! that the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
  And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the ſkies!
A world where luſt of pleaſure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball,
Till, with the giddy circle ſick and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious promiſe angels were eſteem'd
Too mean to bring; a promiſe their Ador'd
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt:
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!
  How frail men, things! how momentary both!

Fantaftick chafe of fhadows hunting fhades!
The gay, the bufy, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wifdom, differently wife!
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary waftes,
One buftling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays fome fecret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him feek of feeing more.
The fcenes of bus'nefs tell us—" What are men;"
The fcenes of pleafure—" What is all befide:"
There others we defpife; and here ourfelves.
Amid difguft eternal dwells delight?
'Tis approbation ftrikes the ftring of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the duft,
On life's gay ftage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in queft of eyes;
The fenfual in purfuit of fomething worfe;
The grave of gold: the politick of pow'r;
And all of other butterflies as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in!
On the fwift circle of returning toys
Whirl'd, ftraw-like, round and round, and then in-
Where gay delufion darkens to defpair! [gulf'd
"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would infpire.

Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly frowns?
Turn the world's hiſtory, what find we there
But Fortune's ſports, or Nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſt'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale, which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The Days, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On Fortune's wheel, where, accident unthought,
Oft' in a moment ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragick ſtory tells,
With now and then a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one but puts ſome cheat on all mankind,
While in their father's boſom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes, and promiſe much
Of amiable, but hold him not o'erwiſe
Who dares to truſt them, and laugh round the year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-ſeen.

Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lies,
Nor owns itſelf a cheat till it expires:
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man at length in perfect night,
Night darker than what now involves the pole.
O thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall
For gracious ends, and wouldſt that man ſhould mourn!
O thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabrick fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? a vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf a vapour;
From the damp bed of Chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they dote on her as the world and they,
Were both eternal, ſolid, thou a dream.
They dote on what? immortal views apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it muſt. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious, toſs'd with hopes and fears

In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious all to ſtorm,
And ſtormy the moſt gen'ral blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of Knowledge, pointing where it lies,
Or Virtue's helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious Fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion, driv'n,
And ſuff'ring more from folly than from Fate.
  Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen terrours frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at Albion's coſt *)
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By moral truth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
  Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with ſanguine cheer, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, lanch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend:
All in ſome darling enterprize embark'd;

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

But where is he can fathom its event!
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright, but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope. with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, ſome win their way,
And when ſtrong Effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 't is won! 't is loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike! and, while they triumph, they expire,
In ſtreſs of weather moſt, ſome ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark 's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more.
One Cæſar lives; a thouſand are forgot,
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! yet ev'n theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal time as ſtorm! the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end. And now their proud ſucceſs
But plants new terrours on the victor's brow:

What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build who build beneath the ſtars.
  Wo then apart (if wo apart can be
From mortal man) and Fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
What are they?—The moſt happy (ſtrange to ſay)
Convince me moſt of human miſery.
What are they? ſmiling wretches of to-morrow!
More wretched then than e'er their ſlave can be,
Their treach'rous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
High titles, then, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
  Is this a ſketch of what thy ſoul admires?
" But here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
" Are huddled in a group: a more diſtinct
" Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages; they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befall the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his mother's ſide:

Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart
Is tender, tho' the man's is made of ſtone:
The truth, thro' ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello! lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant, now a heedleſs child.
To poor Clariſſa's throes thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft' thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain,
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet his reaſon cannot go alone,
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye,
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the taſk
Enjoin'd muſt diſcipline his early pow'rs;
He learns to ſigh ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature ſuch, with neceſſary pains
We purchaſe proſpects of precarious peace:
Tho' not a father, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,

He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years' toil,
Like ancient Troy, and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe,
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous Nature taught,
Or books (fair Virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.
For who receives him into publick life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And in their hospitable arms enclose;
Men who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend;
Men that act up to Reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdu'd;
Men that would blush at being thought sincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well,
As if to them Vice shone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 't will now appear.
See the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace,
All soft sensation in the throng rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose in politeness sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest;

His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with ev'ry welfare but their own;
As wiſe as Lucifer, and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked thro' theſe, (ſo common Fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of all moſt amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his ſpecies wide-diffus'd,
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown,
Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.
 Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh, till time and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool Experience,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing pale Diſtruſt,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Thro' ſerpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For while we learn to fence with publick guilt,
Full oft' we feel its foul contagion too,
If leſs than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus a ſtrange kind of curs'd neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling temper of his ſoul,
By baſe alloy, to bear the current ſtamp,
Below call'd Wiſdom; ſinks him into ſafety,
And brands him into credit with the world,
Where ſpacious titles dignify diſgrace,

And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reaſon prompts to bolder crimes,
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts,
That unſurmountable extreme of guilt!
  Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that Genius need not go to ſchool;
Forgot that man, without a tutor wiſe,
His plan had practis'd long before 't was writ.
The world 's all titlepage, there 's no contents.
The world 's all face. The man who ſhews his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and ſcorn'd.
A man I knew who liv'd upon a ſmile,
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankeſt venom foam'd thro' ev'ry vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch proficients thou art half a ſaint.
In foreign realms (for thou haſt travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two ſtate-rooks,
Studious their neſts to feather in a trice,
With all the necromanticks of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other,
Making court ſweetmeats of their latent gall,
In fooliſh hope to ſteal each other's truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd,
And ſometimes both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not, but be that their ſhame.

Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles that would diſgrace a fool,
And loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the man he cannot ſee?
Why ſo much cover? it defeats itſelf.
Ye that know all things! know ye not men's hearts
Are therefore known becauſe they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—the cauſe they need not tell.
I give him joy that 's awkward at a lie;
Whoſe feeble nature Truth keeps ſtill in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 't is manly to diſdain diſguiſe;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
Thou ſay'ſt 't is needful: is it therefore right?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace
To ſtrain at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel need? thou may'ſt with eaſe;
Think no poſt needful that demands a knave.
When late our Civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So P—— thought: think better if you can.
But this how rare! the publick path of life
Is dirty:—yet allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill.
The world's no neuter; it will wound or ſave;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay the world, well-known, will make a man.—
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to Heav'n,
Or make us demons, long before we die.

To ſhew how fair the world, thy miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take either part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment enſues.
Not Virtue's ſelf is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue laſt, and leaſt complain;
But if they ſigh, can others hope to ſmile?
If Wiſdom has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor Folly lead a happy life?
And if both ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he moſt happy who the leaſt laments?
Where much, much patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And ſome forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow here.

The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo, ſmartly with a ſmile, replies;
"Thus far thy ſong is right, and all muſt own
"Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains:—
"And joys peculiar who to Vice denies?
"If vice it is with Nature to comply:
"If pride and ſenſe are ſo predominant,
"To check, not overcome them, makes a ſaint,
"Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
"Pleaſure and glory the chief good of man?"
Can pride and ſenſuality rejoice?

From purity of thought all pleaſure ſprings,
And from an humble ſpirit all our peace.
Ambition, Pleaſure! let us talk of theſe;
Of theſe the Porch and Academy talk'd;
Of theſe each following age had much to ſay,
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill the needful theme.
Who talks of theſe, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Are theſe thy refuge?—No; theſe ruſh upon thee,
Thy vitals ſeize, and, vulture-like, devour:
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth,
If reaſon can unchain thee, thou art free.
And firſt, thy Caucaſus, Ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted thro' miſtake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 't is a cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as H——— at his Moor.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? firſt know what it is.
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By Fortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 't is lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch and his ſlave,—"a deathleſs ſoul,
"Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
"A Father God, and brothers in the ſkies;"
Elder, indeed, in time, but leſs remote

In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man.
Why greater what can fall than what can riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, Lorenzo! go,
And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
Throw ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves,
Thy ſlaves and equals. How ſcorn caſt on them
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god! if Fortune makes him ſo,
Beware the conſequence: a maxim that
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
Where in the drapery the man is loſt;
Externals flutt'ring, and the ſoul forgot.
Thy greateſt glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
Boaſt that aloud in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy.
Judge we, in their capariſons, of men?
It nought avails thee where, but what, thou art.
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When thro' Death's ſtreights earth's ſubtle ſerpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of Fortune's fucus ſtrip them, yet alive,
Strip them of body too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all but moral in their minds,

And let what then remains impoſe their name,
Pronounce them weak or worthy, great or mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory Fortune lights,
And Death puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible and ſhort,
Of real greatneſs? that man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with hope where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought greater than an honeſt, humble heart;
An humble heart, his reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat, and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name unknown?
Whoſe worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
And peace, beyond the world's conceptions, ſmiles!
As thou, (now dark) before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy great ſoul this ſkulking glory ſcorns:
Lorenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen,
And when he ſhrugs at publick buſ'neſs lies.
Deny'd the publick eye, the publick voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal,

Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure he.
Knows he that mankind praiſe againſt their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he that faithleſs Fame her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower that from itch of praiſe,
Or from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines.
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His fame which, (like the mighty Cæſar) crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate greatly falls,
By ſeeming friends, that honour and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory as we ſink in pride.
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins;
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo 's proud—of being proud,
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.
 An eminence, tho' fancy'd, turns the brain;
All vice wants hellebore; but of all vice
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In fact, the point in fancy moſt purſu'd.
Who court applauſe oblige the world in this,
They gratify man's paſſion to refuſe.
Superiour honour, when aſſum'd, is loſt:

Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
  Tho' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the world's cauſe, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries,—" Be then Ambition caſt;
" Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay Pleaſure! proud Ambition is her ſlave;
" For her he ſoars at great, and hazards ill;
" For her he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes,
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her ſmile.
" Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or ſhould? Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal pow'rs;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below,
And well it is for man that Pleaſure charms;
How would all ſtagnate but for Pleaſure's ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of pleaſure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth, and ſhuts out death from life.
  Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some moſt affect the black, and ſome the fair;
Some honeſt pleaſure court, and ſome obſcene.
Pleaſures obſcene are various, as the throng
Of paſſions that can err in human hearts,
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.

Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom all,
But when our reaſon licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt Lorenzo? thou ſhall doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly, common, harlot in the dark,
A rank adulterer with others' gold;
And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love,
Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, Pleaſure is the mark:
For her the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no ſingle ſacrifice may fall;
For her the ſaint abſtains, the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoick proud, for Pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotick pow'r.
    And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of Pleaſure! Doter on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but Virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flow'r;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the wiſe offence,
o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the name.
ow knits Auſterity her cloudy brow,
nd blames, as bold and hazardous, the praiſe
f pleaſure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
e modern Stoicks! hear my ſoft reply;
heir ſenſes men will truſt: we cann't impoſe,
r, if we could, is impoſition right?
wn honey ſweet; but, owning, add this ſting,
"When mix'd with poiſon it is deadly too."
ruth never was indebted to a lie.
nought but virtue to be prais'd as good?
hy then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
hat Nature loves is good, without our leave;
nd where no future drawback cries, "Beware,"
leaſure, tho' not from virtue, ſhould prevail:
'is balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n.
ow cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
he love of Pleaſure is man's eldeſt-born,
orn in his cradle, living to his tomb.
iſdom, her younger ſiſter, tho' more grave,
as meant to miniſter, and not to mar,
mperial Pleaſure, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! thou, her Majeſty's renown'd,
ho' uncoift counſel, learned in the world!
ho think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
ay'ſt look on me: yet, my Demoſthenes!
anſt thou plead Pleaſure's cauſe as well as I?

Know'ſt thou her nature, purpoſe, parentage?
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Caliſta, ſhe will laugh thee dead,
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wiſh;
Or with the ſnout of grov'lling Appetite
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and muſt be learn'd; and learn'd
With unremitting effort, or be loſt,
And leaves us perfect blockheads in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek us; but wiſdom muſt be ſought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain. [ſe
First, Pleaſure's birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grande
Brought forth by Wiſdom, nurs'd by Diſcipline,
By Patience taught, by Perſeverance crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtick; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What but the fountain or defence of joy?
Why then commanded? need mankind commands,

At once to merit and to make their bliſs?——
Great Legiſlator! ſcarce ſo great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge who moſt obey.
Of Pleaſure, next, the final cauſe explore:
Its mighty purpoſe, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleaſure came from heav'n:
In aid to reaſon was the goddeſs ſent,
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives Pleaſure an eternal reign.
What but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief we pray:
(All pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize)
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
And to ſerve more is paſt the ſphere of man.
Glide then for ever Pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Thro' Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And foſters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows,——but ſuch
As muſt be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"What mean I by thy fall?"——Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,

While Pleaſure's nature is at large diſplay'd,
Already ſung her origin and ends.
Thoſe glorious ends by kind, or by degree,
When Pleaſure violates, 't is then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heav'n's juſtice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure from a caſk
Unbroach'd by juſt authority, ungaug'd
By temperance, by reaſon unrefin'd?
A thouſand demons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd theſe,
Drink deep; the deeper then the more divine:
Angels are angels from indulgence there.
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a god.
  Doſt think thyſelf a god from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong muſt mourn. Can Heav'n's appointments [fail!
Can man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance or harmony ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bid Virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;

And without breathing man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
"Is virtue then and piety the ſame?"—
No; piety is more; 't is virtue's ſource,
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety, yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to men, nor know they ſtrive to part
What Nature joins, and thus confute themſelves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of Rationality,
Conſcience, her firſt law broken wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good,
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt pow'r.
Some we cann't love, but for th' Almighty's ſake:
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does,
And in his kindeſt actions he's unkind.
On piety humanity is built,
And on humanity much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God is heav'n,
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life,
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires;

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horrour hides:
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill:
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the Great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when waſt thou at church before?
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long; but is it juſt?
Tho' juſt, unwelcome. Thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground: the Muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good Conſcience! at the ſound the world retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her ſeraglio full of charms,
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones thou the faireſt chuſe
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty truth;
"Chain down ſome paſſion; do ſome gen'rous good;
"Teach Ignorance to ſee, or Grief to ſmile;
"Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
"Or with warm heart and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on Him who made thee."
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow,
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.

Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe.
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only ſeems ſevere)
Is half-immoral: is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a ſcorner, or it makes a fool,
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis pride, or emptineſs, applies the ſtraw
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe;
Of grief approaching the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of wo.
A man triumphant is a monſtrous ſight;
A man dejected is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for triumph where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection where preſides a pow'r
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?
So grieve, as conſcious grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray;
Too happy to be ſportive he 's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh, (but at thy own expenſe)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace:

Ah! do not prize them leſs becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
If not inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy ſoul alone at ſtake;
Alas!—ſhould men miſtake thee for a fool,—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me ſenſe, here, acts a double part,
And the true critick is a Chriſtian too.
  But theſe, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt.
They firſt themſelves offend who greatly pleaſe,
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heav'n ſells all pleaſure; effort is the price.
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And Glory the victorious laurel ſpreads
O'er Pleaſure's pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
  There is a time when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſtim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of pleaſure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſs'd.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
From thought's full bent and energy the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, theſe
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant and a ſound, but ſerious joy.
Is Joy the daughter of Severity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever," Nature cries; "Rejoice,"
And drinks to man in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not pledge her is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, good fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet ſparing pledge; her bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt—"A rational repaſt,
"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,

" To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
" And ever-waking ardour for the right."
'Tis theſe firſt give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right think little, well aware
What Reaſon bids, God bids; by his command
How aggrandiz'd the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus nothing is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee inſipid all but what is mad,
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
  " Mad! (thou reply'ſt with indignation fir'd)
" Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
" I follow Nature."—Follow Nature ſtill,
But look it be thine own. Is Conſcience then
No part of Nature? is ſhe not ſupreme?
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then follow Nature, and reſemble God.
  When, ſpite of conſcience, pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd;
And what 's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n thee!
The fact thou know'ſt; but not perhaps the cauſe.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid:
Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred int'reſts with the ſtrings of life:
Who breaks her awful mandate ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf: and is it greater pain
Our ſoul ſhould murmur, or our duſt repine?
And one, in their eternal war, muſt bleed.

If one muſt ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk then, the Gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of ſenſe to mental joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt and future forages for joy:
'Tis her's, by retroſpect, thro' time to range,
And forward time's great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall.
Guard then thy mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead who for the body lives,
Lur'd by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry luſt that wars againſt his peace,
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf firſt know, then love: a ſelf there is,
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms:
A ſelf there is as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, Juſtice robs,
Bleſs'd Bounty beggars it, fair Truth betrays,
And godlike Magnanimity deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—but when Virtue bids,
Toſs it or to the fowls or to the flames.

And why? 'tis love of pleaſure bids thee bleed:
Comply, or own ſelf-love extinct, or blind.
For what is vice? Self-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue what? 'tis Self-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread pow'r
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate,
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate now ſcarce felt, then felt full ſore,
When being curs'd, extinction loud-implor'd,
And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we are.
Yet this ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice,
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield;
The future pleaſes: why? the preſent pains.—
"But that's a ſecret."—Yes, which all men know,
And know from thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe,
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From inſtinct ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, Reaſon, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies, the wise have joys.
Superiour wiſdom is ſuperiour bliſs.
And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf is Folly's character,
As Wiſdom's is a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is thy good ſupreme,
Nor but in motion canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home,
Falſe Pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd and ſolid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the falſe, and toſſing as the wave,
This a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight:
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition, and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here,
Such angels all entitled to repoſe
On him who governs Fate. Tho' tempeſt frowns,

Tho' Nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to heav'n;
Hence are they ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
While noiſe and diſſipation comfort thee.
Were all men happy revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſs'd,
But it compos'd and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As Folly might miſtake for want of joy:
A caſt unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect and a ſmile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander ſpring!
A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapt'rous exultation, ſwelling high,
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who tranſient joy prefers?
What but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight,
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none but unprecarious bliſs:

That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals nought immortal but their worth.
Worth, conscious Worth! should absolutely reign,
And other joys ask leave for their approach,
Nor unexamin'd ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound
'Midsands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and sense, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring, and pestilence the prize.
Then such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)
Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop
Where feeble Happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,

And hot as hell, (which kindled the black fires)
With wanton art thoſe fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are
On angel-wing, deſcending from above,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counterwork,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.

In this is ſeen Imagination's guilt;
But who can count her follies? ſhe betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd,
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence what diſaſter!—Tho' the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot, (ye Gods!) tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor Magnificence is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expenſes, and parades auguſt,
And courts, that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of Fortune ever bleſs'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob Innocence of joys;

That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.
  Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest what deserves the name.
Give Pleasure's name to nought but what has pass'd
Th' authentick seal of Reason (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes) and defies
The tooth of Time; when past a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast, and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity, some give
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, tho' my lecture long;
Be good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.
  Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer: ev'n the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: the pillars these,
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,

'Till this heroick leffon thou haft learn'd,
'To frown at pleafure, and to fmile in pain.
Fir'd at the profpect of unclouded blifs,
Heav'n in reverfion, like the fun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It fheds, on fouls fufceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
"This (fays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue;
"But can harangues blow backftrong Nature's ftream,
"Or ftem the tide Heav'n pufhes thro' our veins,
"Which fweeps away man's impotent refolves,
"And lays his labour level with the world?"
Themfelves men make their comment on mankind,
And think nought is but what they find at home:
Thus weaknefs to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantick has the Mufe prefcrib'd;
Above*, Lorenzo faw the man of earth,
The mortal man, and wretched was the fight.
To balance that, to comfort and exalt,
Now fee the man immortal; him, I mean,
Who lives as fuch; whofe heart, full bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way, his bias to the ftars,
The world's dark fhades, in contraft fet, fhall raife
His luftre more, tho' bright, without a foil.
Obferve his awful portrait, and admire?
Nor ftop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing lefs than angel can exceed,

* In a former Night.

A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while in, above the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm:
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! what higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all their care, the future his.
When publick welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varniſh Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's eſteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chaſe of falſe felicities;
His the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true.
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a Deity.

What makes them only ſmile makes him adore.
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees.
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terreſtrial worſhip as divine;
His hopes immortal, blow them by as duſt
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipſe;
Himſelf too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his int'reſt to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong he ſuſtains with temper, looks on Heav'n,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feaſt begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliſs.
To triumph in exiſtence his alone;

And his alone triumphantly to think
His true exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was yeſterday complete;
Death then was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo like the firm
Undaunted breaſt.—And whoſe is that high praiſe!
They yield to pleaſure, tho' they danger brave,
And ſhew no fortitude but in the field;
If there they ſhew it, 't is for glory ſhewn,
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his ſuſtains that cannot fail:
By pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that Omnipotence he truſts;
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And when he falls writes *Vici* on his ſhield.
From magnanimity all fear above;
From nobler recompence above applauſe,
Which owes to man's ſhort outlook all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where ſhines this miracle?
"From what root riſes this immortal man?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground:
The root diſſect, nor wonder at the flow'r.
He follows Nature, (not like thee *) and ſhews us
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.
His appetite wears Reaſon's golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.

* See Night the Eighth, ver. 838.

His paſſion, like an eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearleſs, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.
And why?—becauſe affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from heav'n.
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They moſt the world enjoy who leaſt admire.
His underſtanding 'ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double ſenſe, the good are wiſe;
On its own dunghill wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? it muſt be doubly weak.
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their creed.
Yet thus it is, nor otherwiſe can be,
So far from aught romantick what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no further, muſt prize what it yields,
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.

Who thinks earth nothing cann't its charms admire;
He cann't a foe, tho' moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for them (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men ?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their good ſupreme,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to them, that for a ſeaſon ſhines:
Each act, each thought, he queſtions; "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence ?"——
And what it there appears he deems it now;
Hence pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal;
His virtue conſtitutionally deep,
Has Habit's firmneſs, and Affection's flame:
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire,
And death, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
  And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!
Stand by thy ſcorn, and be reduc'd to nought!
For what art thou ?—Thou Boaſter! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere wordly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance, ſtrikes us moſt,
And, like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe now, and by poſſeſſion, ſoon
(Too ſoon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo! rise to something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects,
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? no; for wit is thine,
And Wit talks most when least she has to say,
And Reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise,
And with a thousand pleasantries amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction in the dust she rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense,
But as its substitute a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown 'twere well was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See Dulness, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But Wisdom, awful Wisdom! which inspects,

Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt,
How rare! in ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if there found, 't is ſacred to the few;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, Wit. In civil life
Wit makes an enterpriſer, ſenſe a man.
Wit hates authority, commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In ſtates 't is dang'rous; in religion death.
Shall Wit turn Chriſtian when the dull believe?
Senſe is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume expoſes, 't is our helmet ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by wit it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet wit apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of good ſenſe, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus a half-Cheſterfield is quite a fool,
Whom dull fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Sirens ſit to ſing thee to thy fate!
A joy in which our reaſon bears no part,
Is but a ſorrow, tickling ere it ſtings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know:—
And yet we much muſt know her to be ſafe.

'To know the world, not love her, is thy point:
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes well strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Sirens sing no more;
Thy dance is done; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.
  Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? if thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart,
A single sentence proof against the world.
"Soul, body, fortune! ev'ry good pertains
"To one of these; but prize not all alike;
"The goods of Fortune to thy body's health,
"Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? do this:
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.
  Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun;

Nay, the ſun ſhines not but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth:
And yet—yet what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when betwitch'd, achieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief
That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port on ev'ry ſail his own.
They grin, but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance their mirth, and half a lie.
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile:
Hard either taſk! the moſt abandon'd own
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themſelves, the moment Reaſon wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gayety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? ſome cannot ſit it out;
Oft' their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us what their joy by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But Heav'n denies
A cover to ſuch guilt, and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord, and ſuffocating ſtream;

The loathſome rottenneſs, and foul decays,
From raging riot (ſlower ſuicides!)
And pride in theſe more execrable ſtill!
How horrid all to thought—but horrours theſe
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble ſong.
From vice, ſenſe, fancy, no man can be bleſs'd:
Bliſs is too great to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from reaſon! joy from that
Which makes man man, and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him more: a bounteous joy! that gives
And promiſes; that weaves with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace:
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy which death ſhall double, judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Thro' bleſs'd eternity's long day, yet ſtill
Not more remote from ſorrow than from him
Whoſe laviſh hand, whoſe love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty duſt.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!
Affects not this the ſages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes ſerious thought man's wiſdom, joy, and praiſe.

Nor need you bluſh (tho' ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heav'n;
Sole point! where overbaſhful is your blame.
Are you not wiſe?—you know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous ſchemes miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen;
" Our ſchemes to plan by this world or the next,
" Is the ſole diff'rence between wiſe and fool."
All worthy men will weigh you in this ſcale;
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of common ſenſe,
Thus ſave your fame, and make two worlds your own.
The world replies not;—but the world perſiſts,
And puts the cauſe off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom:
So far, at that rehearing, from redreſs,
They then turn witneſſes againſt themſelves.
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, haſte! a man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent to make one ſure friend,
And that thou canſt not do this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of Earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since verſe you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the Muſe plain truths
(Truths which, at church, you might have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light, well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain,

And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But praiſe ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate,
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Muſt die, and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live; nor ſhalt thou reſt
When thou art dead, in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blaſphemer of his friend,—the World;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And volunteers around his banner ſwarm,
Prudent as Pruſſia in her zeal for Gaul.
  " Are all then fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all
But ſuch as hold this doctrine, (new to thee)
" The mother of true wiſdom is the will,"
The nobleſt intellect a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the moſt indulgence can afford,—
" Thy wiſdom all can do but—make thee wiſe."
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee;
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

End of Night Eighth.

THE CONSOLATION.

NIGHT IX. AND LAST.

Containing, among other things,

I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Humbly inſcribed to

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State.

-----*Fatis contraria fata rependens* . *Virg.*

As when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates awhile his labour loſt,
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe;
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where Diſappointment ſmiles at Hope's career,
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed,
Where, future wand'ring baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,

I chaſe the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains, and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends, embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and death's dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire,
Canſt thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, [ceaſe,
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Tho' far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.
Has not the Muſe aſſerted pleaſures pure,
Like thoſe above, exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh,
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold:
But if, beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmiles ſincere, not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in body call for aid; the ſick
In mind are covetous of more diſeaſe,
And when at worſt they dream themſelves quite well
To know ourſelves diſeas'd is half our cure.
When Nature's bluſh by cuſtom is wip'd off,
And conſcience deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes,

The curſe of curſes is our curſe to love,
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet)
And throw aſide our ſenſes with our peace.
But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy, and glory quite unſully'd ſhone;
Yet ſtill it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy ſight,
But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by Deſtiny,
And that in ſorrow bury'd, this in ſhame,
While howling furies ring the doleful knell,
And Conſcience, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where the prime actors of the laſt year's ſcene,
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many ſleep, who kept the world awake
With luſtre and with noiſe! Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill, nor ſhall the preſent year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread, of feeble life, a thinner fall.
But needleſs monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayeſt ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality,
Tho' in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain
As mauſoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but Deaths
Turn'd flatterers of Life in paint or marble,

The well-ſtain'd canvaſs, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"Profeſs'd diverſions! cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers for bury'd wealth,
We ranſack tombs for paſtime; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement. How like gods
We ſit, and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die,
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath a rich manure!
Like other worms we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep:

Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter thro' the mighty void the dry:
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils.
As Nature wide our ruins spread. Man's death
Inhabits all things but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal: empires die: where now
The Roman? Greek? they stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light,
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view, what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead Renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.
But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size.

One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of one departed World
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſeaweed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons, and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames:
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain;
In vain to many; not I truſt to thee.
For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou loath to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the Skies?
Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime miniſters of vengeance? chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart, the giant furies roar;
Apart, or ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for this ordain'd their boundleſs rage.
When Heav'n's inferiour inſtruments of wrath,
War, famine, peſtilence, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.
Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of Nature, as for man her birth.

Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd.
But not of waters! At the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines, and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Outburns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh, and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other ſtars!
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other ſun!—a ſun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the Man
That groan'd on Calvary!—yet he it is;
That man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heav'n deſcends!
And gods ambitious triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.

And now, all droſs remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous, her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene, the laſt
In Nature's courſe, the firſt in Wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; this awakes
The moſt ſupine; this ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo! then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my ſubject is my Muſe.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And worldly Fancy feeds on Golden dreams,
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour;
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terrour and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All Nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? doſt thou not deplore

Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we ſtood. Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the good man pale?
  Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth roſe from chaos, man from earth,
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world,
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
At thought of thee!—and art thou abſent then?
Lorenzo! no; 't is here; it is begun:—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed Conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtals our doom;
Foreſtals, and, by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.
Why on himſelf ſhould man void judgment paſs?
Is idle Nature laughing at her ſons?
Who Conſcience ſent her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert that god in man.
  Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero like the man who ſtands himſelf,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies, and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? no:) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to know;
Aſks "What is truth?" with Pilate, and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng:
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
  Shall all but man look out with ardent eye
For that great day which was ordain'd for man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt
Or in the ſight of angels or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee
Creation univerſal calls aloud
To diſinvolve the moral world and give
To Nature's renovation brighter charms.
  Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!

ll Deities, like fummer's fwarms, on wing!
ll bafking in the full meridian blaze!
fee the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
he volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
funbeam pointing out each fecret thought!
o patron! interceffor none! now paft
he fweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
r guilt no plea! to pain no paufe! no bound!
exorable all! and all extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
om his dark den, blafpheming, drags his chain,
d rears his brazen front, with thunder fcarr'd,
ceives his fentence, and begins his hell.
l vengeance paft, now, feems abundant grace.
ke meteors in a ftormy fky, how roll
s baleful eyes! he curfes whom he dreads,
d deems it the firft moment of his fall.
'Tis prefent to my thought!—and yet where is it?
gels cann't tell me? angels cannot guefs
e period, from created beings lock'd
darknefs; but the procefs and the place
e lefs obfcure; for thefe may man inquire.
y, thou great clofe of human hopes and fears!
eat key of hearts! great finifher of fates!
eat end! and great beginning! fay, where art thou?
t thou in time, nor in eternity?
r in eternity nor time I find thee:
hefe as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd or unarriv'd!)

As in debate, how beſt their pow'rs ally'd
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath
Of him, whom both their Monarchies obey.
  Time, this faſt fabrick for him built (and doom'
With him to fall) now burſting o'er his head,
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd, from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber, from earth's heaving wom
To ſecond birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upſtarted from one bed,
Preſs'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſithe, nor falls alone;
His greateſt foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire
  Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome there
A dream, a cheat, now all things but her ſmile.
  For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wid
And thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,

With banners ftreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions louder than the deep in ftorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, of darknefs, in a middle field,
Wide as creation! populous as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whofe preceding fcenes
Detain'd them clofe fpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand refult;
Ages as yet unnumber'd but by God,
Who now, pronouncing fentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various fentence paft,
Affigns the fever'd throng diftinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrofial. What enfues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The goddefs, with determin'd afpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous fize
Thro' deftiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt on both their fates;
Then from the cryftal battlements of heav'n
Down, down fhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thoufand thoufand fathom, there to ruft,
And ne'er unlock her refolution more.
The deep refounds, and Hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy that ſhake
The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far than when creation roſe,
To ſee Creation's godlike aim and end
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely cloſ'd!
To ſee the mighty Dramatiſt's laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God; a God, indeed, deſcends,
To ſolve all knots; to ſtrike the moral home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whol
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe,
And the vaſt void beyond applauſe reſounds.
What then am I?—
Amidſt applauding w
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains
Cenſure on thee, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on myſelf; how greatly due!
All, all is right, by God ordain'd or done;
And who but God reſum'd the friends he gave
And have I been complaining then ſo long?
Complaining of his favours, pain, and death?

Who without Pain's advice would e'er be good?
Who without Death but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from Pain; all puniſhment
To make for peace; and death to ſave from death;
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.
 Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the preſent ſcene,
Reſumes them to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All diſcipline indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy: all have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains:
Errour in acts, or judgment, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs, We ſin, or we miſtake,
And Nature tax, when falſe opinion ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd,
But chiefly then when Grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous frequently betrays,
Oft' lives in vanity, and dies in wo.
Joy amidſt ills corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conqueſt; joy and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 't is duty, glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene,
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray.
As night to ſtars, wo luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
And evergreen that ſtands the northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs to know
How much unhappineſs muſt prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I 'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a man;
Who thinks it is ſhall never be a god.
Some ills we wiſh for when we wiſh to live.
Whatſpoke proud paſſion?--"Wiſh my being loſt*!"
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is,—that I am;
And therefore that I may be—what? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs,
In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, where the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock,

* Referring to the Firſt Night.

And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable, itſelf adore,
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
If what is hop'd he labours to ſecure.
Ills!—there are none: All-gracious! none from thee?
From man full many! Num'rous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by madneſs on fair Liberty,
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Faſt barr'd by thine: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrours reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law,
Whoſe threats are mercies, whoſe injunctions guides,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, Reaſon's choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, unavoidable reſults
From Nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd,
If unreveal'd more dang'rous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this, fly that;"—nor always tells the cauſe;

Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy love ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are theſe on which to build our truſt?
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone,—" That none is to be found:"
Not one to ſoften Cenſure's hardy crime;
Not one to palliate peeviſh Grief's complaint,
Who, like a demon, murm'ring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her judge.—Supreme!
For all I bleſs thee; moſt for the ſevere;
Her death *—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain: its hideous groans
Join heav'n's ſweet hallelujahs in thy praiſe,
Great ſource of good alone! how kind in all!
In vengeance kind! Pain, death, gehenna, ſave.
Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind!
Not that alone which ſolaces and ſhines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praiſe.
The winter is as needful as the ſpring;
The thunder as the ſun. A ſtagnate maſs
Of vapours breeds as peſtilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying ſtorms.

* Lucia.

The dread volcano miniſters to good;
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man:
Comets good omens are when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their uſe, eclipſes learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for ills receiv'd;
Thoſe we call wretched are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite
Stand this the foremoſt, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis Heav'n's laſt effort of good-will to man.
When pain cann't bleſs, Heav'n quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſs'd,
Inhuman or effeminate, his heart.
Reaſon abſolves the grief which reaſon ends.
May Heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain, and made it ſafe to ſmile!
Such ſmiles are mine, and ſuch may they remain,
Nor hazard their extinction from exceſs.
My change of heart a change of ſtyle demands;
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vale,

The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt,
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home.
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, tho' ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod,
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe, and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Tho' ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Thro' many a field of moral and divine
The Muſe has ſtray'd, and much of ſorrow ſeen
In human ways, and much of falſe and vain,
Which none who travel this bad road can miſs.
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
Of love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man immortal; ſhew'd the ſource of joy;
The grand tribunal rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Tho' not in form, nor with a Raphael ſtroke,
Of moſt our weakneſs needs believe or do,
In this our land of travail and of hope,
For peace on earth, or proſpect of the ſkies.
What then remains? much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd. Theſe Thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers' ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So Cynthia, (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft ſliding from her ſphere,

Her ſhepherd cheer'd, of her enamour'd leſs
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal Silence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? or how ſteal muſick from the ſpheres
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtick Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals and immortals ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought thro' varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n thro'out,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe,
And, like a ſable curtain, ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O Man! ſo worthy to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heav'n?
Creation of archangels is the theme!
What to be ſung ſo needful, what ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has here a previous ſcene of objects great

On which to dwell, to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength
Which beſt may qualify for final joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of heav'n.
  Heav'n's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſumma
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void [bl
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou! who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres,
While of thy works material the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong:
Looſe me from earth's encloſure; from the ſun's
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Thro' provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to thee:
Teach me with art great Nature to control,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of night.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the ſun
Be ſeen at midnight riſing in my ſong?
  Lorenzo! come, and warm thee; thou whoſe he
Whoſe little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh;
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;

Am thy pilot, I thy proſp'rous gale:
Gainful thy voyage thro' yon' azure main,
Main without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore,
And whence thou may'ſt import eternal wealth,
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold,
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou ſtranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour thro' Nature's univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own he never was from home before!
Come, my Prometheus *! from thy pointed rock
Of falſe ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll innocently ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the ſtars,
A theft that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon perhaps ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtru'd omens of the ſky,

* Night the Eighth.

Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze,
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man:
Thy ſoul, till now contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of earth's unwholeſome air,
Will bloſſom here; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardours; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars teach as well as ſhine. At Nature's birth
Thus their commiſſion ran,—"Be kind to man."
Where art thou poor benighted Traveller!
The ſtars will light thee, tho' the moon ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In ways immoral? the ſtars call thee back,
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis Nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And ev'ry ſtudent of the night inſpires.
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentick! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An unadept in myſteries of Night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet or on ſtar.
Bulls, lions, ſcorpions, monſters, here we feign,
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts indeed,—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—th' exiſtence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings man above;
Natives of ether! ſons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; here ſprings the ſov'reign cure
Of almoſt ev'ry vice, but chiefly thine,
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure deſire.
Lorenzo! thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Tho' not on morals bent. Ambition, Pleaſure!
Thoſe tyrants I for thee ſo lately fought*,
Afford their haraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the ſun's noontide blaze prime dawn of day.
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage of riot and cabal,
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n)
To yonder ſtars: for other ends they ſhine
Than to light revellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon' arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,

* Night the Eighth.

Which ſet the living firmament on fire
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight
Ruſhes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride,
Our reaſon rouſe, and lead it to that Pow'r,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himſelf,
And bind our chaſte affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coaſt with moſt applauſe
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inſpir'd;—and canſt thou gaze too long?
 Nor ſtands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd,
Enlight'ning and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting and attracted! patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs conſcious being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf.
Thus man his ſov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
 And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! thou waſp of men

Man's angry heart, inſpected, would be found
As rightly ſet as are the ſtarry ſpheres:
'Tis Nature's ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn will,
Breeds all that unceleſtial diſcord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat?—For what?—a clod?
An inch of earth? The planets cry, "Forbear."
They chaſe our double darkneſs, Nature's gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our intellectual night.
And ſee, Day's amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain and joy ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception in th' entender'd heart,
While light peeps thro' the darkneſs like a ſpy,
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more than I this moment feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wiſe!)

Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love and admiration how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative pow'r!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to lanch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the ſteep of heav'n,
Streams to a point and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart:
My heart at once it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted, or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in ſleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his univerſal temple hung

With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once
The temple and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!
  Devotion! daughter of Aſtronomy!
An undevout aſtronomer is mad
True; all things ſpeak a God; but in the ſmall
Men trace out him; in great he ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd and planeted Inhabitants! what is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud Arch,
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of heav'n!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy lofty ſinks, and ſhallows thy profound,
And ſtrengthens thy diffuſive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an Orrery.
  But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round:
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow,
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds.

Shock'd ether's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; reinflam'd,
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in ſenſe:
For ſure to ſenſe they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt,
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In thoſe who put forth all they had of man
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher,
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd, and thought
What was their higheſt muſt be their ador'd.
But they how weak who could no higher mount!
And are there, then, Lorenzo! thoſe to whom
Unſeen, and unexiſtent are the ſame!
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs to believe?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in his work? ſtretch'd out his line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the boſom of his univerſe
Dropp'd down that reas'ning mite, that inſect, man,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?——

That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in himſelf.
Shall God be leſs miraculous than what
His hand has form'd? ſhall myſteries deſcend
From unmyſterious? things more elevate
Be more familiar? uncreated lie
More obvious than created to the graſp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive him, God he could not be;
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God:
Man's diſtance how immenſe! On ſuch a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can ſatisfy but what confounds;
Nothing but what aſtoniſhes is true.
The ſcene thou ſeeſt atteſts the truth I ſing,
And ev'ry ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of Heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee the romance is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath
In Reaſon's court, to ſilence Unbelief.
How my mind, op'ning at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the ſkies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Has the Great Sov'reign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us he reſides above them all

In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnifick, embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument, ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces reaſon, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to ſee:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks ſmall learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſick pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logick thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk enjoins: ſhe gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heav'n,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
   Leſſon how various! not the God alone,
I ſee his miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,

In heav'nly liveries diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd: they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſt'ning to catch the maſter's leaſt command,
And fly thro' nature ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By Pagan and by Chriſtian! O'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames, or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown: for who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? that nobler ſon,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiours numberleſs,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the ſpheres.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us.
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds.
Perhaps a thouſand demi-gods deſcend
On ev'ry beam we ſee to walk with men.
Awful reflection! ſtrong reſtraint from ill!
Yet here our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories ſenſe ſurveys.
Something, like magick, ſtrikes from this blue vault:
With juſt attention is it view'd? we feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought.
Nature herſelf does half the work of man.

Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſerts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean excavated grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide,
From Nature's ſtructure, or the ſcoop of time;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n theſe an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtick heights
Ev'n theſe infuſe.—But what of vaſt in theſe?
Nothing—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in art.—Vain Art! thou pigmy pow'r!
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy wat'ry columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred gated Capitals! or thoſe
Where three days' travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid air!
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet theſe affect us in no common kind:
What then the force of ſuch ſuperiour ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built?
A good man ſeen, tho' ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe.

In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough to ſay, Lorenzo,
To man abandon'd, " Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?"
And yet ſo thwarted Nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial Art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantick, ſtalking thro' the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure, and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots and foul Conſpiracies awake,
And, muffling up their horrours from the moon,
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—ſuppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why ſleeps the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure, and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſt'rous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of Heav'n,
Yet ſhrink and ſhudder at a mortal's ſight.

Were moon and ſtars for villains only made
To guide, yet ſcreen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and wiſer make the wiſe.
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once, when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent,
In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermine of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe ancient ſages, human ſtars! they met
Their brothers of the ſkies at midnight hour,
Their counſel aſk'd, and what they aſk'd obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and he of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded and Elyſian walks,
An area fit for gods and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths,
By ſeraphs trode; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below,
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth;
Of hopes eternal kindled there the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themſelves.
Thro' various virtues they, with ardour, ran
The zodiack of their learn'd illuſtrious lives.

In Chriſtian hearts O for a Pagan zeal!
A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
Our ardour leſs, as greater is our light.
How monſtrous this in morals! Scarce more ſtrange
Would this phenomenon in nature ſtrike,
A ſun that froze her, or a ſtar that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy praiſe, give credit too.
Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee,
And Pagan tutors are thy taſte.—they taught
That narrow views betray to miſery;
That wiſe it is to comprehend the whole;
That virtue roſe from Nature, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of virtue built to heav'n;
That God and Nature our attention claim;
That Nature is the glaſs reflecting God,
As by the ſea reflected is the ſun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his ſphere;
That mind immortal loves immortal aims;
That boundleſs mind affects a boundleſs ſpace;
That vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate, and make her great;
That therefore Heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; ſuch the Night inſpir'd.
And what more true? what truth of greater weight?
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies,
Delightful outlet of her priſon here!

There, diſincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
There freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her pow'rs,
And, undeluded, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor as a ſtranger does ſhe wander there,
But, wonderful herſelf, thro' wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air,
And feels herſelf at home among the ſtars,
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.
  What call we then the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As earth the body, ſince the ſkies ſuſtain
The ſoul with food that gives immortal life,
Call it the noble paſture of the mind,
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots thro' the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the Deity,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial, moral fruit to man.
Call it the breaſtplate of the true High-prieſt,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,

In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill-neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus have we found a true aſtrology;
Thus have we found a new and noble ſenſe,
In which alone ſtars govern human fates.
O that the ſtars (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reſcu'd monarchs from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a god,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for foreigners,
Baſtile thy tutor; grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is. How great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the ſtars and planets roll!
And what it ſeems it is. Great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more godlike as theſe more divine.
And more divine than theſe thou canſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden this! a Paradiſe unloſt!
I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the tree of life!

PAGE NO- 148,149 MISSING IN ORIGINAL

The circles intricate, and myſtick maze,
Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence;
To gods how great! how legible to man!
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than Atlantean ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magick, what ſtrange art,
In fluid air theſe pond'rous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all, if ſuch the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantick ſons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all toſs'd into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time and meaſure exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft,
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? what then worlds
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt ends?
More obvious ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtick, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelick delegates of heav'n,

At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of vengeance or of love,
To clothe in outward grandeur grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops new truths at ev'ry new ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs ſpace, thro' which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter-thought
Of boundleſs time. Thus by kind Nature's ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the ſight;
And an eternity for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The ſtars, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er inſults, her ſons:
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To diſappoint it?—That is blaſphemy.
Thus of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous as th' exiſtence of a God.
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought,
And thou may'ſt read thy ſoul immortal here.

Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell,
Nor want the gilt, illuminated roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—this is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wiſe as thou, no Creſcent holds ſo fair
As that which on his turbant awes a world,
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperiour to the charms of pow'r.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder moon turn Ocean in his bed
From ſide to ſide in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his wat'ry realms,
And fails her moral influence? wants ſhe pow'r
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on earth's infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, earth's joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for unſeen,
And defecate from ſenſe, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence undeflow'r'd,
The life of life, the zeſt of worldly bliſs;
All elſe on earth amounts—to what? to this,
"Bad to be ſuffer'd, bleſſings to be left:"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.

Of higher ſcenes be then the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—thought, too, is wilder'd here;
In midway flight Imagination tires;
Yet ſoon reprunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain;
So great the pleaſure, ſo profound the plan!
A banquet this where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame manna, mingle earth and heav'n.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant, (ſays the ſage) 't were not abſurd
To doubt if beams, ſet out at Nature's birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world,
Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever. Who can ſatiate ſight
In ſuch a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a ſeraph's computation fails.
Now go, Ambition! boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is already thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a miracle?—'t is a reproach,

'Tis an implicit ſatire on mankind,
And while it ſatisfies it cenſures too.
To common-ſenſe great Nature's courſe proclaims
A Deity. When mankind falls aſleep,
A miracle is ſent as an alarm
To wake the world, and prove him o'er again.
By recent argument, but not more ſtrong.
Say which imports more plenitude of pow'r,
Or Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a ſun, or ſtop his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted Eaſt,
Warm'd and aſtoniſh'd at his ev'ning ray;
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft flow'ry vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater to create.
From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles;—reſiſtleſs is their pow'r?
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous ſurvey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally ſeen,
If ſeen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but ſpangles here; the fool no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of Nature governs all?"
The courſe of Nature is the art of God.
The miracles thou call'ſt for this atteſt;
For ſay, could Nature Nature's courſe control?

But, miracles apart, who ſees him not
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End?
Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
But muſt inquire--"What hand behind the ſcene,
"What arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
"Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
"Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And ſet the boſom of Old Night on fire,
"Peopled her deſert, and made Horrour ſmile?"
Or if the military ſtyle delights thee,
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
"Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrols their names,
"Appoints their poſt, their marches, and returns,
"Punctual, at ſtated periods? who diſbands
"Theſe vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er diſbanded?"—He whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their pow'rs
In Night's inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce flames;
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold,
And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,
Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining theſe
Will give us hearts intrepid at that hour
When brighter flames ſhall cut a darker night;

When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!
Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious, and their aid
(Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore,
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye Dividers of my time! ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentick, radiant register,
Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you and years roll on, tho' man stands still,
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom, now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen appetite and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and wo to that gray head
Whose folly would undo what age has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye Stars!—Much rather thou,
Great Artist! thou whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact, and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an index fair as none can miss
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd;

Open mine eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to ſee
Things as they are, unalter'd thro' the glaſs
Of worldly wiſhes. Time, eternity!
('Tis theſe miſmeaſur'd ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal ſcale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is,
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my ſoul, and ſtrike it into heav'n.
When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me now,
Gaze on creation's model in thy breaſt
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the tranſcript more?
When this vile, foreign duſt, which ſmothers all
That travel earth's deep vale, ſhall I ſhake off?
When ſhall my ſoul her incarnation quit,
And, readopted to thy bleſs'd embrace,
Obtain her apotheoſis in thee?
  Doſt think Lorenzo, this is wand'ring wide?
No; 't is directly ſtriking at the mark
To wake thy dead devotion * was my point;
And how I bleſs Night's conſecrating ſhades,
Which to a temple turn an univerſe,
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the peſtilential earth!
In ev'ry ſtorm that either frowns or falls,
What an aſylum has the ſoul in pray'r!

* Ver. 610.

And what a fane is this in which to pray!
And what a God muſt dwell in ſuch a fane!
O what a genius muſt inform the ſkies!
And is Lorenzo's ſalamander-heart
Cold and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred fires?
O ye nocturnal Sparks! ye glowing Embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you or forbears, aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence; exerciſe his heart,
So long poſſeſs'd, and bring him back to man.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer ſtill?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths which, conteſted, put thy parts to ſhame:
Nor ſhame they more Lorenzo's head than heart,
A faithleſs heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtrait aught great or gen'rous to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd and foul'd with ſelf!
And ſelf-miſtaken! ſelf, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and paſſions of the nobler kind
Lie ſuffocated there, or they alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope, and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that intellectual ſphere,
Where Order, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Providence,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly great deſire.
The mind that would be happy muſt be great;
Great in its wiſhes, great in its ſurveys.

Extended views a narrow mind extend,
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets ſhall embrace.
A man of compaſs makes a man of worth.
Divine contemplate, and become divine.
  As man was made for glory and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is in approach to wo.
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happineſs;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God, which makes a man.
Take God from Nature, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by Nature, the proud ſceptick's foe!
Encloſ'd by theſe innumerable worlds.
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of Providence,
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſs'd captivity what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is Heav'n's indulgent violence;
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in theſe ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and preſs'd on man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſp'rate cauſe,

Spite of theſe num'rous, awful witneſſes,
And doubt the depoſition of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
  Laborious? 't is impracticable quite:
To ſink beyond a doubt in this debate,
With all its weight of wiſdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wiſh they did, but no man diſbelieves.
God is a ſpirit; ſpirit cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs material organs; God by man
As much is ſeen as man a God can ſee
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of pow'r.
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to general good!—
Each attribute of theſe material gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought,
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
  Lorenzo! this may ſeem harangue to thee;
Such all is apt to ſeem that thwarts our will,
And doſt thou then demand a ſimple proof
Of this great maſter moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſinclin'd, to read it there?
Since 't is the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it in one compact, unbroken chain;
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear,

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And for thy notice ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the world ſhut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to Reaſon;—let her reign alone;—
Then in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done, and ſhall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel thus the queſtions run.
"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
"But that I am; and ſince I am, conclude
"Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
"Nought ſtill had been: eternal there muſt be.—
"But what eternal? Why not human race?
"And Adam's anceſtors without an end?—
"That's hard to be conceiv'd, ſince ev'ry link
"Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail.
"Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
"Yet grant it true, new difficulties riſe;
"I'm ſtill quite out at ſea, nor ſee the ſhore.
"Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?---Eternal too?---
"Grant matter was eternal, ſtill theſe orbs
"Would want ſome other father;---much deſign
"Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes.
"Deſign implies intelligence and art;
"That cann't be from themſelves---or man: that art
"Man ſcarce can comprehend, could men beſtow?

“ And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.---
“ Who motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
“ Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
“ Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
“ Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
“ Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
“ Aſſerting its indiſputable right
“ To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
“ Has matter none? then whence theſe glorious forms
“ And boundleſs flights from ſhapeleſs and repos'd?
“ Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
“ Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
“ In mathematicks? has it fram'd ſuch laws,
“ Which but to gueſs a Newton made immortal?--
“ If ſo, how each ſage atom laughs at me,
“ Who think a clod inferiour to a man!
“ If art to form, and counſel to conduct,
“ And that with greater far than human ſkill,
“ Reſides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns,--
“ Grant, then, inviſible, eternal Mind;
“ That granted, all is ſolv'd :---but granting that,
“ Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
“ Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
“ A being without origin or end!--
“ Hail, human Liberty! there is no God---
“ Yet why! on either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
“ Subſiſt it muſt in God or human race;
“ If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,

"Indiſſoluble all ?---why chuſe it there
"Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more ?
"Reject it where, that choſen, all the reſt,
"Diſpers'd, leave Reaſon's whole horizon clear ?
"This is not Reaſon's dictate; Reaſon ſays,
"Cloſe with the ſide where one grain turns the ſcale,
"What vaſt preponderance is here! can Reaſon
"With louder voice exclaim---Believe a God?
"And reaſon heard, is the ſole mark of man.
"What things impoſſible muſt man think true
"On any other ſyſtem ? and how ſtrange
"To diſbelieve thro' mere credulity!"
If in this chain Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link in which a flaw he finds ?
And if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that pow'r whoſe providential care
Thro' theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of Nature univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Tho' little on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem how large! A weight let fall
From a fix'd ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant earth. Say, then, Lorenzo? where,
Where ends this mighty building ? where begin
The ſuburbs of creation ? where the wall,
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of nonexiſtence, Nothing's ſtrange abode!

Say at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and meaſur'd infinite no more?
Where rears his terminating pillar high
Its extramundane head? and ſays to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
"I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
"The work accompliſh'd: the creation clos'd:
"Shout, all ye Gods! nor ſhout, ye Gods, alone;
"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
"That reſts, or rolls, ye Heights and Depths, reſound!
"Reſound! reſound! ye Depths and Heights, reſound!"
Hard are thoſe queſtions!--anſwer harder ſtill.
Is this the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of Pow'r Divine?
Or has th' Almighty Father with a breath
Impregnated the womb of diſtant Space?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burſt
Of Night primeval, barren now no more?
And he the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe giant-generations which diſport,
And dance as motes, in his meridian ray,
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd
In that abyſs of horrour whence they ſprung;
While Chaos triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival Creation raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave;

Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too [wide?
this extravagant?---No! this is juſt;
ſt in conjecture, tho' 't were falſe in fact.
't is an errour, 't is an errour ſprung
rom noble root, high thought of the Moſt High.
ut wherefore errour? who can prove it ſuch?---
e that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
an man conceive beyond what God can do?
othing but quite impoſſible is hard.
e ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
whole creation, and a ſingle grain.
peaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
thouſand worlds? there 's ſpace for millions more;
nd in what ſpace can his great fiat fail?
ondemn me not, cold Critick! but indulge
he warm imagination: why condemn?
hy not indulge ſuch thoughts as ſwell our hearts
ith fuller admiration of that Pow'r
ho gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to ſwell?
hy not indulge in his augmented praiſe?
arts not his glory, a ſtill brighter ray,
he leſs is left to Chaos and the realms
f hideous Night, where Fancy ſtrays aghaſt,
nd, tho' moſt talkative, makes no report?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? think again;---
xperience ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
laſſes, (that revelation to the ſight!)
ave they not led us in the deep diſcloſe

Of fine-ſpun Nature, exquiſitely ſmall,
And, tho' demonſtrated, ſtill ill-conceiv'd?
If then on the reverſe the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poiſe;
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme:
What is too great, if we the cauſe ſurvey?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I Am thy name! exiſtence all thine own!
Creation 's nothing, flatter'd much if ſtyl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God."
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in ſuch aſcent
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now fancy glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of almighty pow'r)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of univerſal Nature, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia, in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far outmeaſur'd, far outſhone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an iſle, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice in the vaſt of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of unbuilt ſpace
From other realms; from ample continents

Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs northern, leſs remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme,
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths, nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
  Yet why drown Fancy in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous Rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man, nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is ſeen?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faſter than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built,
And he alone who built it can deſtroy.
Beyond this city why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful enough for man to know!
One infinite enough for man to range!
One firmament enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? none,
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is inſtruction here our only gain;
There dwells a noble pathos in the ſkies,

Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Tho' ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is earth then more infernal? has ſhe thoſe
Who neither praiſe (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, preengag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the moon one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the Queen of heav'n
Walking in brightneſs, or her train ador'd.
Their ſublunary rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; ſtars malign,
Which made the fond aſtronomer run mad,
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd Delight:
Idolater more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine Inſtructer! thy firſt volume this
For man's peruſal; all in capitals!
In moon and ſtars (heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight, who runs may read;

Who reads can underſtand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To Chriſtian land or Jewry; fairly writ,
In language univerſal to mankind;
A language lofty to the learn'd, yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from his huſk ſtrike out the bounding grain:
A language worthy the great Mind that ſpeaks!
Preface and comment to the ſacred page!
Which oft' refers its reader to the ſkies,
As preſuppoſing his firſt leſſon there,
And Scripture 'ſelf a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
  By thee much open'd, I confeſs, O Night!
Yet more I wiſh, but how ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams,
Give us a new creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number, worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene,—and ſhew
The Mighty Potentate to whom belong
Theſe rich regalia, pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around, I ſearch on ev'ry ſide—

O for a glimpſe of him my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the deſert waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream, for him who made her
So pants the thirſty ſoul amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, Goddeſs! where?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?
Thou know'ſt, for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred Fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where he dwells?
A ſtar his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find him?
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their King;
I wake whole nights in vain to ſteal it from them.
  I wake, and, waking, climb Night's radiant ſcale
From ſphere to ſphere, the ſteps by Nature ſet
For man's aſcent, at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought,
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.
  In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd earth recedes:
I paſs the moon; and, from her farther ſide,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; ſtrike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtle ſage
His artificial airy journey takes,
And to celeſtial lengthens human ſight.
I pauſe at ev'ry planet on my road,
And aſk for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which of earths an army might be loſt,
With the bold comet take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe ſov'reign glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderneſs of wonder burning round,
Where larger ſuns inhabit higher ſpheres;
Perhaps the villas of deſcending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grov'ling ſtill,
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake:
The grandeur of his works, whence Folly ſought
For aid, to Reaſon ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worm to him)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the builder dwell?
  Pauſe, then, and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—where is earth?—nay, where art thou,
O Sun?—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe?—and are

His boaſted expeditions ſhort to mine?—
To mine how ſhort! On Nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So much a ſtranger, and ſo late arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not inquire
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, unterreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, untranſlated, never ſtray'd?
"O ye, as diſtant from my little home
"As ſwifteſt ſunbeams in an age can fly!
"Far from my native element I roam,
"In queſt of new and wonderful to man.
"What province this, of his immenſe domain,
"Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
"Ye Bord'rers on the coaſts of Bliſs! what are you?
"A colony from heav'n? or only rais'd,
"By frequent viſit from heav'n's neighb'ring realms,
"To ſecondary gods, and half divine?—
"Whate'er your nature, this is paſt diſpute,
"Far other life you live, far other tongue
"You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
"Than man. How various are the works of God!
"But ſay, what thought? Is Reaſon here enthron'd,
"And abſolute? or Senſe in arms againſt her?
"Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?
"Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
"And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?

" Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And afk their Adams---" Who would not be wife?"
" Or if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
" And if redeem'd---is your Redeemer fcorn'd?
" Is this your final refidence? if not,
" Change you your fcene tranflated, or by death?
" And if by death, what death?---Know you difeafe,
" Or horrid war?---With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (fo call we a fmall field
" Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deputes
" Intemperance to do the work of Age,
" And hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
" As flow of execution, for difpatch
" Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them flay
" Their fheep, (the filly fheep they fleec'd before)
" And tofs him twice ten thoufand at a meal.
" Sit all your executioners on thrones?
" With you can rage for plunder make a god?
" And bloodfhed wafh out ev'ry other ftain?---
" But you perhaps cann't bleed: from matter grofs
" Your fpirits clean are delicately clad
" In fine-fpun ether, privileg'd to foar,
" Unloaded, uninfected. How unlike
" The lot of man! how few of human race
" By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? or are you ftill

"Raw candidates at ſchool? and have you thoſe
"Who diſaffect reverſions, as with us?---
"But what are we? you never heard of man,
"Or earth, the bedlam of the univerſe!
"Where Reaſon (undiſeas'd with you) runs mad,
"And nurſes Folly's children as her own,
"Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
"Of Holineſs, where Reaſon is pronounc'd
"Infallible, and thunders like a god.
"Ev'n there, by ſaints the demons are outdone;
"What theſe think wrong our ſaints refine to right,
"And kindly teach dull Hell her own black arts;
"Satan, inſtructed, o'er their morals ſmiles.---
"But this how ſtrange to you who know not man?
"Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
"Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car?
"Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
"To thoſe fair fields whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
"Who bruſh'd perhaps your ſphere in his deſcent,
"Stain'd your pure cryſtal ether, or let fall
"A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
"O that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
"Athwart his way, nor reach'd his preſent home,
"Then blacken'd earth, with footſteps foul'd in hell,
"Nor waſh'd in ocean, as from Rome he paſt
"To Britain's iſle, too, too conſpicuous there."
But this is all digreſſion. Where is he
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd

To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? where is he
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He whom, while man is man, he cann't but ſeek,
And, if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye Learn'd on earth! or Bleſs'd above!
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell
Where your Great Maſter's orb? his planets where?
Thoſe conſcious ſatellites, thoſe morning-ſtars,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet ſerene;
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles ſtill remote,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations---in what latitude?---beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!--and on what
High errands ſent?---Here human effort ends,
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to his throne.
  Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road;
Born in an age more curious than devout,
More fond to fix the place of heav'n or hell,
Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.
'Tis not the curious but the pious path
That Leads me to my point. Lorenzo! know,
Without or ſtar or angel for their guide,

Who worſhip God ſhall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reaſon, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admiſſion where proud Science fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart,
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of Nature, or the more profound of God:
Either to know is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom Nature (ill-attempted here!)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy above;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd, the deepeſt learning ſtill.
For what a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is ſeen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing ſkies!
Teaching this leſſon Pride is loath to learn---
"Not deeply to diſcern, nor much to know,
"Mankind was born to wonder and adore."
And is there cauſe for higher wonder ſtill
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?---Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard hoſannas ring thro' ev'ry ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is conſecrated ground.

Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte, but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of Reaſon, which to virtues riſe
Beneath his genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn will,
When grown mature are gather'd for the ſkies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings, ſo ſuperiour, homage boaſt,
And triumph in proſtrations to the throne?
  But wherefore more of planets or of ſtars?
Ethereal journies, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout,
All Nature ſending incenſe to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our ſphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee of fancy or of fact what more
Invites the Muſe—here turn we and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide,—then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
"O what root! O what branch, is here!
"O what a Father! what a family?
"Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—and creations,
"In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,

"Great Vine*! on thee, on thee the cluster hangs,
"The filial cluster! infinitely spread
"In glowing globes, with various being fraught,
"And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
"Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
"A constellation of ten thousand gems,
"(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
"Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
"Of Majesty Divine! the blazing seal,
"That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
"Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
"Omnipotence and Love! that passing bound,
"And this surpassing that. Nor stop we here
"For want of pow'r in God, but thought in man.
"Ev'n this acknowledg'd leaves us still in debt;
"If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
"Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee,
"And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
"In which archangels might have fail'd unblam'd."
How such ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,
And such ideas of the Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables to men and gods.
Think then, O think, nor ever drop the thought,
How low must man descend when gods adore!

* John xv. 1.

ive I not then accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
d I not tell thee " We would mount *, Lorenzo!
And kindle our devotion at the ſtars?"
And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
nd art all adamant? and doſt confute,
ll urg'd, with one irrefragable ſmile?
orenzo! mirth how miſerable here!
wear by the ſtars, by Him who made them ſwear,
hy heart henceforth ſhall be as pure as they;
hen thou, like them, ſhalt ſhine; like them ſhall riſe
low to lofty, from obſcure to bright,
e gradation, Nature's ſacred law.
ar from whence?— Aſk Chaos—he can tell.
bright temptations to idolatry
darkneſs and confuſion took their birth;
s of Deformity! from fluid dregs
artarean firſt they roſe to maſſes rude,
And then to ſpheres opaque; then dimly ſhone,
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day,
Nature delights in progreſs, in advance
From worſe to better; but when minds aſcend,
Progreſs in part depends upon themſelves.
Heav'n aids exertion. Greater makes the great.
The voluntary little leſſens more.
O be a man! and thou ſhalt be a god!
And half ſelf-made!—ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—tho' high taught,

* Ver. 616.

School'd by the ſkies, and pupil of the ſtars,
Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou aſham'd to bend thy knee to Heav'n?
Curs'd fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in religion is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets deſpair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens Nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad ſin makes the darken'd ſoul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Tho' blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye.
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of matter's grandeur, know one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it,—
"Tho' that immenſely great, ſtill greater he
"Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
"Unburden'd, Nature's univerſal ſcheme;
"Can graſp creation with a ſingle thought;
"Creation graſp, and not exclude its Sire."—
To tell him farther—"It behoves him much
"To guard th' important yet depending fate
"Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns;
"One ſingle ray of thought outſhines them all."—